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EDUCATION DEPT

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READING

AND

ELOCUTION:

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL

By ANNA T. RANDALL,

(Now Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl.)

"All art is Nature better understood."

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
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1876.

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PREFACE.

To furnish choice selections of prose and poetry for School, Parlor, and Lyceum readings, accompanied by a comprehen sive method of teaching the Art of Elocution, with its underlying principles, is the design of this book.

That it may be used with success in our public and private schools, independently, or in connection with any Series of Readers, and may find its way to the table of many a private learner, is the hope of

THE COMPILER.

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INTRODUCTION.

Elocution is the art of expressing thought by speech.

Instruction in this branch properly begins with vocal cul ture, and we find that systematic training and rigid practice develop the voice, and make it strong, flexible and melodious; just as athletic exercises give strength and pliability of muscle and grace of movement.

The pugilist undergoes the most severe training for weeks and months to prepare himself for a contest of strength. And so, in ancient times, the gladiator exercised his muscles until the "strength of brass was in his toughened sinews," and he could rend the lion as if it were a kid. And that old oratorical gladiator, Demosthenes, practiced vocal gymnastics by the roaring sea, and left no means untried to remedy defects of voice and manner. Cicero studied oratory for thirty years, and traveled all over Asia to hear models of eloquence and to gain instruction.

Curran, stuttering Jack Curran, cultivated his voice so industriously that he not only overcame the great defect, but was actually noted for the clearness and perfection of his articulation. He practiced before a mirror, and debated questions as if he were in a lyceum.

But the development of the voice is only the beginning of the work. The student must be trained in the great school of nature. He must listen to her voice as she speaks in her children, and thus gather models for imitation. Rosa Bonheur has the unmistakable inspiration of genius, but she studied the physiology and characteristics of animals long and faithfully before she was able to paint her sheep and oxen with such life-like fidelity. Garrick's acting was so

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natural that the countryman who visited the theater, for the first time, and saw him in Hamlet, said, "if that little man is not frightened, I never saw a man frightened in my life; why, he acts just as I would if I were down there with a ghost."

Booth, in Richelieu, does not seem to be acting the character. The bowed figure, the wrinkles and the voice of age are there, and you can scarcely believe he is not the Cardinal.

And more wonderful still, Ristori, by the magic power of voice, her expressive face and her natural gesture, moves an audience to laughter or to tears at will, and all this, when speaking in an unknown tongue.

The reader must be sympathetic, entering into the joy or grief of others as if it were his own.

Mrs. Siddons once had a pupil who was practicing for the stage. The lesson was upon the "part" of a young girl whose lover had deserted her. The rendering did not please that Queen of Tragedy, and she said, "Think how you would feel under the circumstances. What would you do if your lover were to run off and leave you?" "I would look out for another one," said that philosophic young lady, and Mrs. Siddons with a gesture of intense disgust cried out, "Leave me!" and would never give her another lesson.

There must be a lively imagination combined with artistic skill. The picture must not only be clear and distinct in the mind of the reader, but he must be able to hold it up before his audience as if it were on canvass. He must make the principal parts stand out in high relief; then he must with skillful fingers touch up the picture, showing a vivid light here and a shadow there, until the chiaro-oscuro is perfect.

Such actors as Booth and Ristori, such readers as Fanny Kemble and Murdoch, and such singers as Jenny Lind and Parepa are really Raphaels and Michael Angelos. Their picture cannot be purchased by connoisseurs and hung in stately

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nalls, but in the heart of every listener the gems of art are hung, and memory forever after is enraptured as she gazes.

The judgment must be sound, else bombast may be mistaken for eloquence, and rant for the true expression of feeling. And finally, in reading, as in everything else, common sense is a valuable acquisition, and he who has it not, though his voice may be, at his will, as strong as that of a lion or as gentle as that of a dove, will never please.

In brief, the chief requisites of the reader are voice, imitation, feeling, artistic skill and above all common sense.

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I. ORTHOEPY.

Orthoepy is the correct pronunciation of words.

In order to fix habits of correct pronunciation and distinct enunciation, it is well to drill the voice upon the elementary sounds of the language.

A Tonic is an unobstructed vocal tone, which is capable of indefinite prolongation.

TABLE.

ā	as in	ale.	ō	as in	old.
ä	"	art.	o͝	"	ooze.
a̲	"	all.	ŏ	"	odd.
ă	"	at.	ū	"	flute.
ē	"	eve.	ŭ	"	up.
ĕ	"	end.	ou	"	out.
ī	"	ice.	oi	"	oil.
ĭ	"	it.			

A Subtonic has vocality, but is interrupted in its passage and is not capable of prolongation.

TABLE.

b	as in	boy.	l	as in	lamp.
d	"	dote.	r	"	roll.
g	"	go.	m	"	mad.
v	"	vase.	n	"	no.
th	"	then.	ng	"	song.
z	"	zone.	w	"	wine.
z	"	azure.	y	"	yet.

An Atonic is literally a sound without tone, an expulsion of whispered breath.

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TABLE.

p	as in	pit.	s	as in	sink.
t	"	ton.	sh	"	sharp.
k	"	Kate.	h	"	hem.
f	"	fate.	wh	"	what.
th	"	think			

There are also a few "occasional" sounds, and also many combinations, which it is not thought necessary to give in the preceding tables. Let the pupil pronounce the elements with every variety of force, pitch, stress and time; and to this add phonic spelling. These exercises will not only give correct pronunciation, but will give also flexibility to the organs of speech.

II. QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality is the kind or tone of voice used in expressing sentiment. Nature has so wisely formed the human voice and the human soul, that certain tones are associated with certain emotions. We readily recognize the cry of pain or fright, the language of joy or sorrow, command or entreaty, though the words spoken are in an unknown tongue. Intelligent animals and children obey tones rather than words; and, as quality of voice is nature's own mode of giving us the key to her mind, particular and early attention should be given to this part of vocal culture.

Rubens could, by one stroke of his brush, convert a laughing into a weeping child; and we can color emotion with qualities of voice so that the metamorphosis is not less sudden or more complete.

1. Pure Quality is that used in common conversation, simple narrative or description.

If the voice is not really and technically pure, exercise in vocal culture may make it so. Children's voices seem to be naturally pure. It is the utterance of evil passion, with bad reading and reciting in the schools, that makes the voice

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sharp and disagreeable. The teacher should see that all the exercises of the school are carried on in cheerful tones:

1.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters—to very rags—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

Shakspeare.

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2.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes — and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

Saxe.

2. The Orotund is used in expressing the language of grandeur, sublimity, awe, reverence, courage, etc. It is round and full, and may be said to be the maximum of pure quality. It was named *ore rotundo* by the old poet, Horace, when speaking of the flowing eloquence of the Greeks:

1.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. *Ossian.*

2.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
Oh, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinew — summon up the blood —
Disguise fair nature with hard favored rage;
Then lend to the eye a terrible aspect;
Aye, set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide.
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war proof;
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England and St. George!

Shakspeare.

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3. The Pectoral gives expression to deep-seated anger, despair, great solemnity, etc. It has its resonance in the chest; is low in pitch; is usually accompanied by slow time, and is, indeed, a very low orotund:

1.

Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

2.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more.*
Macbeth *doth murder sleep — the innocent sleep —*
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast:—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more,* to all the house:
Glamis *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Cawdor
Shall sleep no more — Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*

Shakspeare

4. The Guttural (from *guttur*, throat) is used to express anger, hatred, contempt, loathing, etc. Its characteristic is an explosive resonance in the throat.

1.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usuance with us here in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him!

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He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. — Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

2.

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

5. The Plaintive is used in the language of pity, grief, etc.

1.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet.
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

Hood.

2.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!" *Longfellow.*

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6. The Aspirate gives the whispered utterance of secrecy, fear, etc. Its characteristic is distinctness — indeed, whatever is lost in vocality is made up in distinctness. For this reason exercise upon this quality is of great value in vocal culture.

The aspirate is usually combined with other qualities.

1.

Speak softly!
All's hushed as midnight yet.
See'st thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise! and enter

2.

I fear thee ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea sand. *Coleridge.*

7. The Falsetto is used in expressing affectation, terror, pain, mockery, anger, etc. It is pitched above the natural range of voice:

1.

I'll not endure it—Duke or no Duke—
I'll be *a Duchess, Sir!* *Honey Moon.*

2.

"How now?
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to let you through our wicket?
Says Woman, "*Where is David's Cow?*"
Said Mr. H——, with expedition,
"There's no Cow in the Exhibition."
"*No Cow!*—but here her tongue in verity,
Set off with steam and rail celerity—
"*No Cow! there ain't no Cow, then the more's the shame and pity*
Hang you and the R. A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!
No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn't talk to me—
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be—
I havn't seen a picture high or low, or any how,
Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David's Cow" *Hood*

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The pupils will determine the Quality of voice to be used in reading the following examples, giving also the names of authors:

1.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers! ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach; —
Open your gates, and give the victors way!

2.

Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood;
Then walk ye forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry peace! freedom! and liberty!

3.

Call me their *traitor!* — Thou *injurious* tribune!
Within thine eyes sat *twenty thousand deaths*,
In thine hands clutched as many MILLIONS, in
Thy lying tongue BOTH numbers, I would say,
Thou *LIEST.*

4.

But the deacon swore, (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun;
It should be so built that it could'n' break daown —
"Fur," said the deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that uz strong uz the rest."

5.

When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, "*Help, keind Heaven!*" and drops upon her knees,
On the green — baize, beneath the — canvas — trees.

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6.

"I wad ha'e kent it, Mr. North, on the tower o' Babel, on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun ha'e had just sic a voice — ye canna weel ca 't sweet, for it is ower intellectual for that — ye canna ca 't saft, for even in its laigh notes there's a sort o' birr, a sort o' dirl that betokens power — ye canna ca 't hairsh, for angry as ye may be at times, it 's aye in tune frae the fineness o' your ear for music — ye canna ca 't sherp, for it 's aye sae nat'ral — and flett it cud never be, gin you were even gi'en ower by the doctors. It 's maist the only voice I ever heard, that I can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding — you micht fear 't, but you maun love 't; and there's no voice in all his Majesty's dominions, better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe."

7.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so;*
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice;
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
O! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough!

But he still talked away, 'spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say, —
"My voice is for war," asked him, — "Which of them pray?"
O! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough!

Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
'Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.
O! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough!

'O! save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
"Help me out! help me out! I have broken my bones!"
"Help you out!" said a Paddy, who passed, "what a bother!
Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"
O! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator 's surely enough!

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8.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
— Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

9.

Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now — that was a difficult breath —
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders — gasps — Jove help him — so — he's dead.

10.

Gra. — O, upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — a learned judge!
Shy. — [*Tremulously.*] — Is that the law?
Por. — Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. — O learned judge! — Mark, Jew! — a learned judge.
Shy. — I take this offer, then; — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. — Here is the money.
Por. — Soft:
The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste; —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. — O, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

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11.

The human voice is to be considered as a musical instrument — an organ; constructed by the hand of the Great Master of all Harmony. It has its bellows, its pipe, its mouth-piece; and when we know the "stops" "it will discourse most eloquent music." It has its *gamut*, or scale of ascent and descent; it has its keys, or pitch,— its tones, — its semi-tones, its bass, its tenor, its alto, its melody, its cadence. It can speak as gently as the lute, "like the sweet south upon a bed of violets," or as shrilly as the trumpet; it can tune the "silver sweet" note of love, and the iron throat of war;" in fine, it may be modulated by art to any sound of softness or of strength, of gentleness or harshness, of harmony or discord. And the art that wins this music from the strings is Elocution.

12.

1. *Adam.* Dear master, I can go no farther: Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

III. FORCE.

Force denotes the strength or power of the voice.

1. Degrees.

1. Moderate. Used with pure quality. It is like the mezzo and mezzo piano in music.

1.

There are three classes of women.

First, domestic Drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their housekeeping, husband-keeping, child-keeping. Their housekeeping is a trade, and no more; and, after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic Dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eye and the ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris and Nurnberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other toy shops of Europe, out of wax and papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdasher's, by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their function as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind.

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2.

So goes the world! if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother, friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it;
You may have been a stable-boy — what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes honorable men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.
But if you're poor, Heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possessed the intellect of angels, too,
'Tis all in vain; — the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score; — why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

Jane Taylor.

2. Gentle. Very soft — like the piano and pianissimo of music; used in expressing tenderness, love, secrecy, caution, etc.

1.

Hush-a-bye, Lillian,
Rock to thy rest;
Be thy life, little one,
Evermore blest.
Once has the changing moon
Waned in the skies
Since little Lillian
Opened her eyes.
Once has the crescent moon
Shone in the west,
On little Lillian
Taking her rest.

Ellen Schenck.

2.

Is there a lone mother
Weeping dead hopes above,
Who bade her boy do battle
Tender with tears and love?
Mourns she over his ashes
With many a bitter cry?
Pity her anguish Father,
Who gavest thy Son to die.

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3. Heavy. The forte and fortissimo of music — used in command, exultation, denunciation, etc.:

1.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal,
Read it on yon bristling steel,
Ask it, ye who will! *Pierpont.*

2.

I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And nought but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured this day.

4. Crescendo  A gradually increasing volume of voice.

But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire —
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.
Read.

5. Diminuendo. A gradually decreasing volume of voice:

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low.
J. B. Brown.

2. Variations of Force, or Stress.

1. Radical  An explosive force upon the opening of the vowel; used in lively description, command, fear, etc.:

1.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea!
Bryant

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2.

Talk not to me of odds or match!
When Comyn died, three daggers clashed within
His side. Talk not to me of sheltering hall!
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!
On God's own altar streamed his blood;
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer, even as now,—
With armed hand and scornful brow.
Up! all who love me! blow on, blow!
And lay the outlawed felon low!

Scott.

2. Final  An explosive force upon the closing of the vowel; used in expressing determination, doggedness, disgust, etc.:

1.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword we have drawn we will sheathe not!

Campbell.

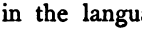
2.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not:
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

Shakspeare.

3.

You may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains. But, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes; and when we have resisted to the last we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Aye! men, women and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master.

3. Median  A swell of the voice upon the middle of the vowel; used in the language of grandeur, sublimity, etc.:

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1.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.

Ossian.

2.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove, that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells,
How it swells!
How it dwells!
On the future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Poe.

3.

Oh! sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp and the voice of a psalm.

Bible.

4. Thorough ▭ An explosive force throughout the vowel, used in emphatic command, braggadocio, etc.:

1.

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Scott.*

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2.

"Go," cried the mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" *Robert Browning.*

5. Compound × An explosive force upon the opening and closing of the vowel, indicating surprise:

1.

Gone to be married! *Gone* to swear 'a *peace!*
False blood to false blood *joined!* *Gone* to be *friends!*
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanche*, and *Blanche* these *provinces?*
Shakspeare.

2.

Julia. Why! do you think I'll *work?*
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.
Julia. What, *rub* and *scrub* your noble palace *clean?*
Duke. Those taper fingers will do it daintily.
Julia. And dress your victuals (if there be any)? O, I shall go mad. *Tobin.*

6. Tremulous ~~~~ A waving movement of voice, used in expressing excessive joy, grief, fear, old age, etc.:

1.

Oh! then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone,
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn by a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep;
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.

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And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose, as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. *Shakspeare.*

2.

O, Christ of the seven wounds, who look'st thro' the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons not being Christ's, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

3.

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood.
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,
"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

The pupil will determine the quality, degree of force and stress to be used in giving the following examples, also giving names of authors:

1.

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
Her joyous welcome rings:

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Hurrah! hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore, —
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore!

2.

Oh! I have passed a miserable night.

3.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!

4.

I really believe some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things — good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." The talker took him to the window, and asked him to look out and tell him what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street," he said, "and a man driving a sprinkling machine through it."

"Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them with the valves open, sometimes?'

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5.

Oh, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinew — summon up the blood —
Disguise fair nature with hard favored rage;
Then lend to the eye a terrible aspect;
Aye, set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide.
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war proof;
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England and St. George!

6.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

7.

As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell.

IV. TIME.

1. Movement or Measure of Speech.

1. Moderate. The rate of unimpassioned language, used with pure quality:

1.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

Ruskin.

2.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily white doe,
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

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2. Quick. The movement of joy, humor, etc.:

And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

Longfellow

3. Rapid. Used in expressing haste, fear, etc.:

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Macaulay.

4. Slow. Used in the language of grandeur, sublimity adoration, etc.:

And thou, O, silent mountain, sole and bare,
O, blacker than the darkness, all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars, —
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh! wake, and utter praise!
Ye ice-falls! ye that from your dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun

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Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flowers
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?—
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter: the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God! *Coleridge.*

5. Very slow. The deepest emotion of horror, awe, gloom, etc.:

I had a dream which was not all a dream,—
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day.
Byron.

Examples for determining Quality, Force, Stress, Time and names of authors:

1.

I'll tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
"What world 's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

2.

Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound;
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

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I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you
Whatever torment you do put me to.

3.

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere —
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried, — "It was surely October,
On this very night of last year,
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here —
That I brought a dread burden down here, —
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon hath tempted me here?
Well I know now this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir, —
Well I know now this dark tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

4.

Ye're there, but yet I see you not! — forth draw each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly! — louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! — and shout for Rudiger, "Defiance unto death!"

5.

Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!
Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.

6.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

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2. Pause or Grouping of Speech.

"A pause is often more eloquent than words."

1. Sentential. Founded upon the syntactical structure of the sentence and indicated by the marks of punctuation. It is addressed to the eye, and may or may not be used as a rest of the voice.

The old-school fashion of stopping invariably at the comma long enough to count one, at a semicolon two, at a colon three, etc., has, we hope, with other relics of school barbarism, passed away.

"How did Garrick speak the soliloquy, last night?" — "Oh! against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case and gender, he made a breach thus — stopping, as if the point wanted settling; and betwixt the nominative case, which, your lordship knows, should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths by a stop-watch, my lord, each time." "Admirable grammarian! — But, in suspending his voice, — was the sense suspended? — Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? — Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?" — "I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord!" — "Excellent observer!"

Sterne's sketch of the critic at the theatre.

2. Rhetorical. Wholly dependent upon the sense and feeling, and, while it rests the voice of the speaker, is addressed to the ear of the listener.

We give a few examples covering the principal ground of Rhetorical Pause.

1. (1.) After the subject of a sentence.

Intemperance | is a vice.

(2.) After the subjective phrase.

The pleasures of sin | are but for a season.

(3.) When the subject is inverted.

The meekest of men | was Moses.

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2. After every emphatic word.

Mary | is a good girl.
Mary *is* | a good girl.
Mary is a *good* | girl.

3. Before the prepositional phrase.

We are going | into the country.

4. Wherever an ellipsis occurs.

Boy Britton, | only a lad, | a fair-haired boy, | sixteen, |
In his uniform.
Into the storm, into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry,
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla,
Into the battle storm.

5. In order to arrest the attention.

The sentence was | Death.

The student will locate rhetorical pauses in the following examples, giving also names of authors:

1.

It was a maxim of Raffaelle's that the artist's object was to make things not as Nature makes them, but as she would make them; as she ever tries to make them, but never succeeds, though her aim may be deduced from a comparison of her effects; just as if a number of archers had aimed unsuccessfully at a mark upon a wall, and this mark were then removed, we could by the examination of their arrow-marks point out the probable position of the spot aimed at, with a certainty of being nearer to it than any of their shots.

2.

I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell forever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must — *must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.

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3.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! — as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick — or he faints! — stand with the cordial near!
Now — bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So — let him writhe! How long
Wil he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

V. MELODY.

1. Pitch

Pitch is the degree of the elevation or depression of sound. In music, exactness can be reached in regard to pitch, while in elocution, we can only use terms which are modified by different voices and gradations of emotion with different persons.

1. Middle. Used in conversational language:

1.

The first step towards becoming a good elocutionist, is a correct articulation. A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted, every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated. *Comstock.*

2.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn, and weary, his cares flew away;
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind.

Dimond.

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2. High. Indicates joy, grief, astonishment, etc.:

1.

"The slogan's ceased — but hark! din ye no hear
The Campbell's pibrock swell upon the breeze!
They're coming, hark!" then falling on her knees,—
"We're saved," she cries, "we're saved." *Vandenhoff.*

2.

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "FREEDOM" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout. *Whittier.*

3. Low. Expresses grave, grand, solemn or reverential feeling. The use of the low pitch is very effective in reading. Ruskin says of painting, "If you wish to express vivid light, you must make the shadows sharp and visible," and this rule will apply to word pictures as well.

It will not do to give any particular rendering for the voice-effect alone, but if taste is not sacrificed, some shading will only bring out the beauty of the picture:

And he hangs, he rocks between — and his nostrils curdle in,—
Toll slowly!
And he shivers head and hoof — and the flakes of foam fall off;
And his face grows fierce and thin,
And a look of human woe, from his staring eyes did go —
Toll slowly!
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony
Of the headlong death below.
Mrs. Browning.

4. Transitions. It is very important that the student in vocal culture be able to take any pitch at will, making sudden transitions. Who has not suffered agonies untold, when listening to a speaker whose voice was keyed upon and sustained, without variableness or shadow of turning, upon the highest and sharpest pitch possible? The minister who preaches upon an even pitch, whether high or low, lulls his audience to sleep. The high voice is at first offensive to the ear, but bye and bye

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the sameness is found to be a fatal opiate. Nothing rests the voice like transitions of pitch, time, force and quality.

2. Monotone.

Sameness of voice, indicating solemnity, power, reverence, vastness, or a "dead level" in surface or sentiment.

1.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

Percival.

2.

And the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. *Bible.*

We must not confound monotony with the monotone. Much of the school room reading is monotonous in the extreme, and yet if the monotone would give the reading grand effect, without doubt the pupil will read in his most lively manner.

The haste and monotony often exhibited in reading the beautiful words of the church service is to be deplored. Some one has said, that haste seems to be the only requisite of worship. The clerk of the Assembly may read the bills so that no member can possibly know their import, but when the magistrate administers the sublime oath—"Do you solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, etc.," as if he were reading an invoice of goods, and the person taking the oath "kisses the Bible with as much solemnity as he would a walking stick," the whole transaction seems like a sacrilegious farce.

3. Diatone.

The progress of pitch through the interval of a whole tone, used in expressing lively emotion, or in common conversation.

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Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? I'm tired of waiting so;
My stocking hung by the chimney side, full three long days ago.
I run to peep within the door by morning's early light,
'Tis empty still, oh! say, mamma, will the New Year come to-night?
Miss Eager.

4. SEMITONE.

The progress of pitch through the interval of a half tone. It is called also the Chromatic melody, because it paints pity grief, remorse, etc. It may color a single word, or be contin ued through an entire passage or selection:

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, "I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord" — tell poor papa — "my soul to keep,
If I" — how cold it seems, how dark, kiss me, I cannot see,—
The New Year comes to night, mamma, the old year dies with me.
Miss Eager.

The Semitone is very delicate, and must be produced by the nature of the emotion. An excess, when the mood or language does not warrant it, turns pathos into burlesque, and the scale may be turned from the sublime to the ridiculous by the weight of a hair. Strength, flexibility and melody of voice are of little worth if the judgment and the taste are defective.

When reading is considered and treated as a branch of æsthetic culture, then, and not till then, will it be fully effective

When the beggar implores your alms, he knows full well that he must bring to his aid the melody of the semitone. We once passed four beggars upon Harlem bridge, the first said, "Pity the blind!" the second, "Have mercy on the blind!" the third, "Help the blind!" and the fourth, "Give to the poor blind man!" All had the same tune, made up of semi tonic slides, but when a policeman ordered them away, th melody was changed to diatonic imprecations.

WAVES OR CIRCUMFLEX.

SEMI-TONIC WAVE.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.

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DIATONIC WAVE.

Hail, holy light!
High on a throne of royal state!

WAVE OF A THIRD.

I said he was *my* friend.
Ah! is he *your* friend, then?

WAVE OF A FIFTH.

Yes, I said he was *my* friend.
Is he solely *your* friend?

WAVE OF AN OCTAVE.

Irony. All this? Aye, more! Fret till your proud heart break. Go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondman tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?

FIFTH AND OCTAVE.

Ridicule. You must take me for a fool to think I could do that.

Irony. For mine own part. I shall be glad to learn of noble men. For Brutus is an honorable man.

Irony. You meant no harm; oh, no! your thoughts are innocent; you have nothing to hide; your breast is pure, stainless, all truth.

Antithesis. If you said so, then I said so. Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung!

VI. GESTURE.

1. Position of the Hand.

1. Supine; open hand, fingers relaxed, palm upward; used in appeal, entreaty, in expressing light, joyous emotions, etc.

2. Prone; open hand, palm downward; used in negative expressions, etc.

3. Vertical; open hand, palm outward; for repelling, warding off, etc.

4. Clenched; hand tightly closed; used in defiance, courage, threatening, etc.

5. Pointing; prone hand, loosely closed, with index finger extended; used in pointing out, designating, etc.

2. Direction.

1. Front; the hand descending below the hip, extending

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horizontally, or ascending to a level or above the head, at right angles with the speaker's body.

2. Oblique; at an angle of forty-five degrees from the speaker's body.

3. Extended; direct from the speaker's side.

4. Backward; reversely corresponding to the oblique.

ABBREVIATIONS.

R. H. S. Right Hand Supine.
R. H. P. Right Hand Prone.
R. H. V. Right Hand Vertical.
B. H. S. Both Hands Supine.
B. H. P. Both Hands Prone.
B. H. V. Both Hands Vertical.
D. f. Descending Front.
H. f. Horizontal Front.
A. f. Ascending Front.
D. o. Descending Oblique.
H. o. Horizontal Oblique.
A. o. Ascending Oblique.
D. e. Descending Extended.
H. e. Horizontal Extended.
A. e. Ascending Extended.
D. b. Descending Behind.
H. b. Horizontal Behind.
A. b. Ascending Behind.

DIRECTIONS.

The dotted words indicat where the hand is to be raised in preparation.

The gesture is made upon the words in CAPITALS.

The hand drops upon the italicised word or syllable.

The following examples have appeared in several works on Elocution—The New York Speaker and others. Despairing of furnishing better examples, I have taken the liberty to use them:

R. H. S.

D. f. This sentiment I will maintain | with the last breath of LIFE.

H. f. I appeal | to YOU, sir, for your de*cis* ion.

A. *f.* I appeal | to the great Searcher of HEARTS for the truth of what I *ut* ter.

D. o. Of all mistakes | NONE are so *fa* tal as those which we incur through prejudice.

H. o. Truth, honor, | JUS tice were his *mo* tives.

A. o. Fix your eye | on the prize of a truly NO ble am *bi* tion.

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D. a. Away | with an idea so absurd!

H. c. The breeze of morning | wafted in cense on the *air*.

A. a. In dreams thro' camp and court he bore | the trophies of a con queror.

D. b. Away | with an idea so abhorent to humanity!

H. b. Search the records of the remotest an ti quity for a *par*allel to this.

A. b. Then rang their proud hurrah!

R. H. P.

D. f. Put down | the unworthy feeling!

H. f. Re strain the unhallowed pro *pen* sity.

D. o. Let every one who would merit the Christian name | re press | such a feeling.

H. o. I charge you as men and as Christians | to lay a re straint on all such dispo *si* tions!

A. o. Ye gods | with hold your *ven* geance!

D. e. The hand of affection | shall *smooth the* turf for your last *pil* low!

H. e. The cloud of adver | sity threw its gloom *over all his* pros pects.

A. e. So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud that swathes | as with a purple shroud Benledi's distant *hill*.

R. H. V.

H. f. Arise! meet | and re pel your *foe!*

A. f. For bid it, Almighty *God!*

H. o. He generously extended the arm of power | to ward off the *blow*.

A. o. May Heaven a vert the cal *am* ity!

H. e. Out of my sight | thou serpent!

H. b. Thou tempting fiend, a vaunt!

B. H. S.

D. f. All personal feeling he de pos ited on the *al* tar of his country's good.

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H. f. Listen, I im PLORE you, to the voice of *rea* son!

A. f. HAIL! universal *Lord.*

D. o. Every personal advantage | he sur REN dered to the common *good.*

H. o. WELCOME! once more to your early *home!*

A. o. HAIL! holy *Light!*

D. e. I utterly re NOUNCE | all the supposed advantages of such a station.

H. e. They yet slept | in the wide a BYSS of possi *bil* ity.

A. e. Joy, joy | for EVER.

B. H. P.

D. f. Lie LIGHT ly on him, *earth*—his step was light on thee.

H. f. Now all the blessings of a glad father LIGHT on *thee!*

A. f. Blessed be Thy NAME O Lord, Most *High.*

D. o. We are in Thy sight | but as the *worms of the* DUST!

H. o. May the grace of God | *abide with you for* EVER.

A. o. And let the triple rainbow rest | *o'er all the mountain* T PS.

D. e. Here let the tumults of passion | *forever* CEASE!

H. e. Spread *wide* A ROUND the heaven-breathing *calm!*

A. e. Heaven | *opened* WIDE her ever during *gates.*

B. H. V.

H. f. HENCE hideous *specter!*

A. f. AVERT O *God,* the frown of thy indignation!

H. o. Far from OUR *hearts* be so inhuman a feeling.

A. o. Let me not | NAME it to *you* ye chaste stars!

H. e. And if the night have gathered aught of evil or concealed dis PERSE it.

A. e. Melt and dis PEL, ye specter *doubts!*

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VII. METHODS FOR SELF-CULTURE.

The living teacher, as a model, is better than all books of rules upon elocution; yet, if the pupil cannot be drilled by a master in the art, he may study carefully some good work upon the subject, and if he is observing and has no serious defect of voice, may still make much progress in self-culture. The following table of exercises are recommended as helps for developing and improving the voice:

1. Breathing deeply and slowly, rapidly and explosively.
2. Reading in a whisper so distinctly as to be readily heard throughout a large room.
3. Reading loudly in doors, out of doors, and when running up hill.
4. Read slowly and rapidly alternately.
5. Read high and low alternately.
6. Read heavy and gentle alternately.
7. Increase and diminish in force alternately.
8. Read up and down the musical scale alternately.

Specifics.

1. For strength of voice loud explosive exercises.
2. For distinct enunciation the whisper or an aspirated voice.
3. For smoothness the medium stress with slow time.
4. For flexibility as rapidly as possible.
5. For meeting with any measure of success, keep the eyes and ears open and *practice, practice, practice.*

VIII. METHODS FOR TEACHING READING.

Probably no other branch in our schools is so poorly taught s that of reading. There are many reasons why this is so, erhaps the principal ones are these:

1. Teachers cannot themselves read well.

Now, it is possible, without doubt, for a person who cannot sing very well to teach others to make more music than he can himself,

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and just so with reading, but if he is proficient in the practice as well as the theory, how much better can he teach.

The teacher should be familiar with the lesson. He should have a well-defined plan in his mind concerning the manner in which it shall be taught. He should decide previously what questions he will ask to arouse attention — how he will fix the lesson in the mind.

2. The matter of the lessons is often far beyond the comprehension of the pupil.

Many a child blunders on over a dissertation upon the "Problems of the Universe" or the "Grandeur of the Ocean" without an idea concerning the meaning of a sentence. The name of the author of "Easy Lessons" should be honored during all time. Before the publication of this book, the child of six or seven years of age spelled out his lesson in the Testament or English Reader. Let the teacher make selections of those pieces which the child can understand.

3. The children do not study.

The teacher should see that the lesson is well prepared before it is read. The knowledge of the child should be tested by questioning, and he should be ready to define every word if necessary, and tell the story in his own language.

4. The lesson is often too lengthy.

Pupils are sometimes allowed to read a half dozen pages at a lesson, and then only once over, hurrying through from preface to finis as if an enemy were in full pursuit, and liable to overtake them at any moment. This is all wrong; a page or two is almost always sufficient for a lesson. Let the piece be read in sections and afterward reviewed.

5. Children read after the teacher in concert or otherwise, having no more intellectual drill than if they were so many parrots.

The Pestilozzian rule — "Never tell a child any thing which he can discover for himself," should be rigorously followed in teaching reading. Let them criticise each other — the teacher questioning adroitly until the correct rendering is given.

The following order of exercises in conducting primary classes has been successfully followed:

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I. Primary.

1. Preliminary Exercise.

(For calling the words at sight.)

1. Reversed manner. Teacher and children alternating one word each.
2. Reversed manner. Boys and girls alternating, one word each.
3. Reversed manner. Careless pupils alternating, with class.
4. Reversed manner. Each pupil reading a line as rapidly as possible.
5. Pupils spell and define difficult words.

2. Reading Exercise.

(After the lesson has been throughly studied.)

1. Teacher asks questions upon the lesson.
2. Children read and criticise each other, giving reasons.
3. Teacher reads wrong, or without expression. Children criticise.
4. Children read in concert after teacher.
5. Books closed. Children give substance of lesson in their own language.

2. Programme for the Week.

Monday. { Topic pertaining to Reading, as emphasis, etc.
Reading from book.

Tuesday. { Examples brought by children from conversation they have heard.
Reading from book.

Wednesday. { Dictate some selection not in the Readers. Children copy.
Reading from book.

Thursday. — Read lesson dictated on the day before.

Friday. —Voluntary Reading.

Let each read any thing which has been read during the week or month. Let the pupils volunteer in all cases, and when reading face the class.

For acquiring independence in reading, and as a method of review, this exercise will be found invaluable.

3. Methods for Variety in Teaching Reading.

1. Concert Reading, one pupil naming pauses.
2. Individual Reading, class naming pauses.

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3. Boys and girls alternate, reading a sentence each.
4. Reading to mistake.
5. Reading in couples.
6. Giving parts in dialogues.
7. Choosing sides (similar to methods used in spelling).
8. Looking-glass Reading (class imitate one pupil).
9. Naming pupil who reads until some other name is called.
10. Voting for best readers.
11. Dictating lesson, which they copy one day and read the next.
12. Medley Reading (like a round in singing).
13. Volunteer Reading.
14. Giving examples gathered from the play ground. (Let the children read from the blackboard what they have uttered when at play. There is certainly no exercise better suited for teaching natural reading.)

4. ANALYSIS AND METHOD OF TEACHING.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS. — page 39.*

1. Ask author's name.
2. When written?
3. What other writings of prose or poetry by same author?

I. STANZA.

1. Meaning of phrase "When Music was young"?
2. What country was the cradle of arts and sciences?
3. Whose "shell"?
4. Whence is the figure borrowed? (Gods and goddesses were represented as making music upon sea shells. Triton was Neptune's trumpeter, and he made music upon a silver sounding shell.)

"Like the silvery tones of a fairy shell."

Passing away — Pierpont.

5. Does any line of the first four lack a syllable?
6. Was "ed" sounded originally?
7. How fill the rhythm if a syllable is wanting?
8. What parenthetic expression in one of the first four lines?
9. How will you paint exultation, rage, etc.?
10. Who were the muses? What is meant by muses' painting?

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11. What kind of "fury" is meant?

12. Meaning of "rapt"?

13. See that the pupil does not say "rap tinspired."

14. Have class seen myrtles upon which musical instruments might be hung?

15. Get or give description of the myrtle tree of the east.

II.

1 How paint Fear?

2. How does fear exhibit itself?

3. The teacher or some pupil read in different ways; class say which is correct.

(Class will always decide that an aspirated tremor is correct.)

III.

1. With what quality of voice paint Anger?
(Guttural explosive.)

2. How paint clash?

3. What time upon last line?

IV.

1. How would you paint upon canvas a picture of Despair?

2. You would represent a person of what age? Why not youth or extreme old age?

3. Position of figure? (Bowed head)

4. If the person were to speak, what tone would he use?

5. Would he speak slowly, or quickly, in high or low tone?

6. In last clause of last line, what other phase of despair is described?

7. Does despair induce insanity?

V.

1. How paint Hope upon canvas?
(Youth, beaming face, looking toward the future, voice pure, ringing, high in pitch.)

2. What force upon second and third line from the last?

3. What time upon last line?

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VI.

1. How read first half of first line?
2. How describe Revenge by tone of voice?
3. How read third line?
4. Quality on fourth?
5. Quality on fifth?
6. How paint the beating of the drum?
7. How paint Pity?
8. How read last line?

VII.

1. How give veering song of Jealousy?
   (Nasal intonation — with scorn.)
2. Changes in last line?

VIII.

1. Tone used in expressing Melancholy?
2. How read "dashing soft from rocks around"? (Stacato.)
3. Time on "Through glades, etc."?
4. How read last three lines?

(Delicate diminuendo, hollow voice, giving the idea of distance by arching the throat.)

IX.

1. How describe Cheerfulness?
2. Meaning of buskins?
3. Meaning of Faun and Dryad?
4. Meaning of oak-crowned sisters, satyrs, sylvan boys, etc.?
5. Do you see this creature who personates cheerfulness?

X.

1. How will Joy differ from Cheerfulness?
2. Meaning of Tempe's vale?
3. What is the general time of this stanza?

The questions might be multiplied, and would, undoubtedly. This lesson has been given as a specimen.

If the reading is an intellectual exercise, some such analysis must be given.

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READING AND ELOCUTION.

The Creeds of the Bells.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer,
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"O heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

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"O swell! ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell,
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstacies a bell,
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

George W. Bungay

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Ode on the Passions.

When Music, Heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each — for madness ruled the hour —
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds! — his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad, by fits, — by starts, 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;

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And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat,
The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of different themes the veering song was mixed:
And now it courted Love — now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay —
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing —
In hollow murmurs died away.

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But, O! how altered was its sprightly tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung.
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

William Collins.

The Brides of Enderby: or, the High Tide.

The old mayor climed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

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Men say it was a stolen tyde —
  The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
  The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
  By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
  My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
  Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
    Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
    Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
    Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

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If it be long, aye, long ago,
  When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
  Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong,
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
  And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
  The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
  And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
  Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
  They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
  Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

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"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

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Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;

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From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
  Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
  Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot:
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow;
  Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
  Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

Jean Ingelow.

Gems from Ruskin.

It was a maxim of Raffaelle's that the artist's object was to make things not as Nature makes them, but as she would make them; as she ever tries to make them, but never succeeds, though her aim may be deduced from a comparison of her effects; just as if a number of archers had aimed unsuccessfully at a mark upon a wall, and this mark were then removed, we could by the examination of their arrow-marks point out the probable position of the spot aime at, with a certainty of being nearer to it than any of their shots.

We have most of us heard of original sin, and may perhaps, in our modest moments, conjecture that we are not quite what God, or Nature, would have us to be. Raffaelle *had* something to mend in *humanity:* I should like to have seen him mending a daisy, or a pease-blossom, or a moth, or a mustard-seed, or any other of God's slightest work! If he had accomplished that, one might have found

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for him more respectable employment, to set the stars in better order, perhaps (they seem grievously scattered as they are, and to be of all manner of shapes and sizes, except the *ideal* shape, and the proper size); or, to give us a *corrected view of the ocean*, that at least seems a very irregular and improveable thing: the very fishermen do not know this day how far it will reach, driven up before the west wind. Perhaps some one else does, but that is not our business. Let us go down and stand on the beach by the sea — the great irregular sea, and count whether the thunder of it is not out of time — one, — two: — here comes a well-formed wave at last, trembling a little at the top, but on the whole, orderly. So! Crash among the shingle, and up as far as this gray pebble! Now, stand by and watch. Another: — Ah, careless wave! why couldn't you have kept your crest on? It is all gone away into spray, striking up against the cliffs there — I thought as much — missed the mark by a couple of feet! Another: — How now, impatient one! couldn't you have waited till your friend's reflux was done with, instead of rolling yourself up with it in that unseemly manner? You go for nothing. A fourth, and a goodly one at last! What think we of yonder slow rise, and crystalline hollow, without a flaw? Steady, good wave! not so fast! not so fast! Where are you coming to? This is too bad; two yards over the mark, and ever so much of you in our face besides; and a wave which we had some hope of, behind there, broken all to pieces out at sea, and laying a great white tablecloth of foam all the way to the shore, as if the marine gods were to dine off it! Alas, for these unhappy "arrow-shots" of Nature! She will never hit her mark with those unruly waves of hers, nor get one of them into the ideal shape, if we wait for a thousand years.

Go out some bright sunny day in winter, and look for a tree with a broad trunk, having rather delicate boughs hanging down on the sunny side, near the trunk. Stand four or five yards from it, with your back to the sun. You will find that the boughs between you and the trunk of the tree are very indistinct, that you confound them in places with the trunk itself, and cannot possibly trace one of them from its insertion to its extremity. But the shadows which they cast upon the trunk, you will find clear, dark and dis-

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tinct, perfectly traceable through their whole course, except when they are interrupted by the crossing boughs. And if you retire backwards, you will come to a point where you cannot see the intervening boughs at all, or only a fragment of them here and there, but can still see their shadows perfectly plain. Now, this may serve to show you the immense prominence and importance of shadows where there is anything like bright light. They are, in fact, commonly far more conspicuous than the thing which casts them, for being as large as the casting object, and altogether made up of a blackness deeper than the darkest part of the casting object (while that object is also broken up with positive and reflected lights), their large, broad, unbroken spaces, tell strongly on the eye, especially as all form is rendered partially, often totally invisible within them, and as they are suddenly terminated by the sharpest lines which nature ever shows. For no outline of objects whatsoever is so sharp as the edge of a close shadow. Put your finger over a piece of white paper in the sun, and observe the difference between the softness of the outline of the finger itself and the decision of the edge of the shadow. And note also the excessive gloom of the latter. A piece of black cloth, laid in the light, will not attain one-fourth of the blackness of the paper under the shadow.

Hence shadows are in reality, when the sun is shining, the most conspicuous thing in a landscape, next to the highest lights. All forms are understood and explained chiefly by their agency: the roughness of the bark of a tree, for instance, is not seen in the light, nor in the shade; it is only seen between the two, where the shadows of the ridges explain it. And hence, if we have to express vivid light, our very first aim must be to get the shadows sharp and visible.

The second point to which I wish at present to direct attention has reference to the *arrangement* of light and shade. It is the constant habit of Nature to use both her highest lights and deepest shadows in exceedingly small quantity; always in points, never in masses. She will give a large mass of tender light in sky or water, impressive by its quantity, and a large mass of tender shadow relieved against it, in foliage, or hill, or building; but the light is always subdued if it be extensive — the shadow always feeble if it be broad. She will then fill up all the rest of her picture with middle tints and pale grays of some sort or another, and on this

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quiet and harmonious whole, she will touch her high lights in spots — the foam of an isolated wave — the sail of a solitary vessel — the flash of the sun from a wet roof — the gleam of a single white-washed cottage — or some such sources of local brilliancy, she will use so vividly and delicately as to throw everything else into definite shade by comparison. And then taking up the gloom, she will use the black hollows of some overhanging bank, or the black dress of some shaded figure, or the depth of some sunless chink of wall or window, so sharply as to throw everything else into definite light by comparison; thus reducing the whole mass of her picture to a delicate middle tint, approaching, of course, here to light and there to gloom; but yet sharply separated from the utmost degrees either of the one or the other. None are in the right road to real excellence, but those who are struggling to render the simplicity, purity, and inexhaustible variety of nature's own chiaroscuro in open, cloudless daylight, giving the expanse of harmonious light — the speaking, decisive shadow — and the exquisite grace, tenderness, and grandeur of aerial opposition of local color and equally illuminated lines.

The Vagabonds.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
  Roger's my dog. Come here you scamp.
Jump for the gentleman — mind your eye!
  Over the table — look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old:
  Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
  And ate, and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you:
  A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
  The paw he holds up there has been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
  (This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
  And Roger and I set up for kings.

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No, thank you, sir, I never drink.
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
Aren't we Roger? see him wink.
Well, something hot then, we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too — see him nod his head,
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk;
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin,
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living,
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, sir! see him wag his tail and grin —
By George! it makes my old eyes water —
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter.

We'll have some music if you are willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, sir)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Paws up! eyes front! salute your officer!
Bout face! attention! take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms you see.) Now hold
Your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the Rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence;

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Now tell how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, that's five — he's mighty knowing;
The night's before us, fill the glasses;
Quick, sir! I'm ill, my brain is going;
Some brandy, thank you; there, it passes.

Why not reform? That's easily said.
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform,
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out Heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love; but I took to drink;
The same old story, you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features —
You needn't laugh, sir, I was not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men —

If you had seen her, so fair, so young,
Whose head was happy on this breast;
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since, a parson's wife,
'Twas better for her that we should part;
Better the soberest prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

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I have seen her? Once! I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped,
But little she dreamed as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir, I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change.
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me,
'Twas well she died before. Do you know,
If the happy spirits in Heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could
No doubt remembering things that were:
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
And himself a sober respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink,
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A Sea Voyage.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the oppo-

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site snore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the

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remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months, clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; — they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; — their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence — oblivion — like the waves, have closed over them; and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety — anxiety into dread — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

Washington Irving.

Bible — St. John, chapter IX.

And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth.

And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?

Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.

As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.

And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation, Sent). He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged?

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Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he.

Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened?

He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made a clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight.

Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not.

They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind.

And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes.

Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see.

Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them.

They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet.

But the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight.

And then asked them, saying, Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? how then doth he now see?

His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind:

But by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not: he is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself.

These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue.

Therefore said his parents, He is of age; ask him.

Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner.

He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.

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Death of Morris.

Vivid Narrative, exemplifying, after the introductory sentence, Sympathetic Horror, then successively, Terror, Scorn, Revenge, Horror and Awe.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features, I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honored as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life — for life he would give all he had in the world; — it was but life he asked — life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations, — he asked only breath though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me — that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you — wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow, — you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded

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are betrayed, — while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended, — you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command, in Gaelic, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered — I may well term them dreadful; for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me! — save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it around his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark blue waters of the lake; and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him; and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

Walter Scott.

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Courtship under Difficulties.

Snobbleton. Yes, there is that fellow Jones again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match, if I cannot spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it! A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

(*Enter* JONES.)

Jones. (*Not seeing Snobbleton, and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand.*) Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

Snobbleton. Good-morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

Jones. What! you—you forgive! You really—

Snob. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but, let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Jones. With all my heart, my dear fellow!

Snob. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Jones. Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called grumpy—it is unbearable!

Snob. But, never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. I know what it is to be in—

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Jones. Ah! you can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in—

Snob. Of *course* I do! (Heaven preserve me from the toils!) And then the letters—the interminable letters!

Jones. Oh, yes, the letters! the *billet doux!*

Snob. And the bills—the endless bills!

Jones. The bills!

Snob. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Jones. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

Snob. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

Jones. Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah, me! it's worse than *that.*

Snob. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

Jones. Yes, I am. Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snob. Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow! See! I do not shrink—I stand firm.

Jones. Snobby, I—I love her.

Snob. Whom?

Jones. Your cousin, Prudence.

Snob. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winter?

Jones. Now, don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snob. Harm! my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. (Heaven bless you both.)

Jones. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snob. Well, that is something, to be sure. But, leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Jones. Defect! You surprise me.

Snob. What! and you did not know of it?

Jones. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope.

Snob. Oh, no! only a little—(*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see, you understand it.

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Jones. Merciful heaven! can it be? But really, is it serious?

Snob. I should think it was.

Jones. What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snob. Dangerous! Why should she be?

Jones. Oh, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snob. Zounds, man! she's not crazy!

Jones. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snob. Slightly deaf. That's all.

Jones. Deaf!

Snob. As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones. Is it possible! However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snob. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated

Jones. Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*) "Miss will you make me happy—"

Snob. Louder, shriller, man!

Jones. "Miss, will you—"

Snob. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Jones. (*Almost screaming.*) "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

Snob. There, that may do. Still, you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones. Very good. Meantime, I will go down to the beach, and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—" (*Exit Jones.*)

(*Enter* PRUDENCE.)

Prudence. Good-morning, cousin. Who was that, speaking so loudly?

Snob. Only Jones Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Pru. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he very deaf?

Snob. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure, he does not use an

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ear-trumpet any more, but, one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he's in love.

Pru. In love! with whom?

Snob. Can't you guess?

Pru. Oh, no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snob. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Pru. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*), "Good-morning, Mr. Jones?"

Snob. *Do* you think he would hear *that?*

Pru. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones?" How would that do?

Snob. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Pru. (*Almost screaming.*) "Good-morning!"

Snob. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

(*Enter* JONES.)

Snob. (*Speaking in a high voice.*) Mr. Jones, cousin. Miss Winter, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires but remains where he can view the speakers.*)

Jones. (*Speaking shrill and loud.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Pru. (*In an equally high voice.*) Really sir, I—I—

Jones. (*Aside.*) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Pru. (*Also increasing her tone.*) Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones. (*Aside.*) How she screams in my ear. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Pru. (*Aside.*) Poor man, what an effort it seems for him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones. (*Aside.*) Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

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Snob. Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Pru. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones. I only know one poem. It is this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Pru. Bravo—bravo!

Jones. Thank you! THANK—

Pru. Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

Jones. And do you fancy *me* deaf, Miss? (*Natural tone.*)

Pru. Are you not, sir? you surprise me!

Jones. No, Miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Pru. Snobbleton! Why, he told me that you were deaf.

Jones. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

Beadle's Dime Speaker.

The Front and Side Doors.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it.

O. W. Holmes

The Relief of Lucknow.

O! that last day in Lucknow fort;
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;

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It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the half open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep and I had my dream
Of an English village lane
And wall and garden — till a sudden scream
Brought me back to the rear again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand,
And drew me near and spoke:

"The Highlanders! O! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It is the grandest of them a'.

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God bless the bonny Highlanders;
We 're saved! we 're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men;
And they started; for they were there to die,
Was life so near them then?

They listened, for life, and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far off roar
Were all, — and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "The slogan's dune,
But can ye no hear them, noo?
The Campbells are comin! It's nae a dream,
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne;"
It came to our men like the voice of God;
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;

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And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand; and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
And the pipers played "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Robert Lowell

Boy Britton.

I.

Boy Britton, only a lad, a fair-haired boy, sixteen
In his uniform.
Into the storm, into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry,
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla,
Into the battle storm.

II.

Boy Britton is Master's Mate aboard the Essex,
There he stands, buoyant and eagle-eyed,
By the brave Captain's side;
Ready to do or dare; "Aye, aye, sir," always ready
In his country's uniform!
Boom! boom! and now the flag-boat sweeps
And now the Essex is plunged
Into the battle's storm.

III.

Boom! boom! till river, and fort and field
Are overclouded by the battle's breath;
Then from the fort a gleam and a crashing gun,
And the Essex is wrapped and shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam.

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IV.

But victory! victory!
Unto God all praise be rendered,
Unto God all praise and glory be;
See, Boy Britton, see, Boy, see,
They strike! hurrah! the fort has surrendered!
Shout! shout! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours.
"Victory!" "victory!" "victory!"
Is the shout.
Shout! for the fiery fort is ours, and the field,
And the day are ours!
The day is ours, thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, boy, like thee!
The day is ours, the day is ours!
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee,
The day is ours, the day is ours forever!
Glory and love for one and all, but, for thee,
Home! home! a happy welcome, welcome home, for thee,
And a mother's happy tears, and a virgin's
Bridal wreath of flowers for thee.

V.

Victory! Victory!
But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam
The Essex slowly drifted out of the battle storm.
Slowly, slowly, down, laden with the dead and dying,
And there at the captain's feet, among the dead and dying
The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying,
There in his uniform.

VI.

Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee;

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Laurels of light moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart of the nation's loving heart,
And blest by the balmy breath of the beautiful and the true,
Moist, moist with the luminous breath of the singing spheres,
And the nation's starry tears;
And tremble touched by the pulse-like gush and start,
Of the universal music of the heart,
And all deep sympathy.
Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee,
Laurels of light and tears of love,
Forevermore for thee.

VII.

And laurels of light, and tears of truth,
And the mantle of immortality;
And the flowers of love, and immortal youth,
And the tender heart tokens of all true ruth,
And the everlasting victory.
And the breath and bliss of liberty,
And the loving kiss of liberty.
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
And the over calm of God's canopy;
And the infinite love-span of the skies,
That cover the valleys of Paradise,
For all of the brave who rest with thee;
And for one and all who died with thee,
And now sleep side by side with thee;
And for every one who lives and dies
On the solid land, or the heaving sea,
Dear warrior boy, like thee!

VIII.

On, the victory, the victory
Belongs to thee!
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou,
He gives it now to thee.

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Young and brave, and early and thrice blest,
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!
Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee gently, gently to her breast,
And whispers lovingly, God bless thee, bless thee now,
My darling thou shalt rest!

Forceythe Willson.

Bugle Song.

I.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

II.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

III.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on field, on hill, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer dying, dying, dying.

Tennyson.

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Roll Call.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear
From the lips of the soldier who stood near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell,—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two, the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our Regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our Ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke."

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"Close to the road-side his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'T was a victory; yes, but it cost us dear,—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a *hundred* men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

Pyramus and Thisbe.

This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,
Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.
One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
Has told it before in a tedious narration;
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young PETER PYRAMUS — I call him Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the meter;
But merely to make the name completer —
For Peter lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of pagan climes
That flourish now in classical fame,
Long before either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name —
Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know:
In years, I ween, he was rather green,
That is to say, he was just eighteen —
A trifle too short, a shaving too lean,
But "a nice young man" as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl,

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In the magical trap of an auburn curl, —
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door,
(They lived, in fact, on the very same floor,
With a wall between them and nothing more, —
Those double dwellings were common of yore,)
And they loved each other, the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,
That every young maid and every young blade
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade.
But (a-lack-a-day, for the girl and boy!)
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them awhile, the deepest annoy,
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn't happen to please the old folks!

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother,
And tried their innocent passion to smother,
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred
Or even deferred
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging the bird?
Now, Peter, who was not discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appal,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick
Made a passage — though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter —
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'T was here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;

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For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
The mulberry-tree impatient to find;
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
Strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on,
Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee,
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
Blood — and "a terrible thing among ladies,")
And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
And sat himself down to weep and to wail,
For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter,
Made up his mind in very short meter,
That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her!
So breathing a prayer, he determined to share
The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau,
Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know)
She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring;
And seizing the knife that had taken his life,
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentleman! — pray recollect, if you please,
Not to make appointments near mulberry-trees.

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Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.
Young ladies! — you shouldn't go strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out;
And remember that accidents often befall
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall!

John G. Saxe.

Evening at the Farm.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katy-did begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;--
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling.
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"

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The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

Putting up Stoves.

One who has had considerable experience in the work of putting up stoves says the first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt bosom clean. Next he gets his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and blacks his fingers, and then he carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway, in doing this work, until this mark is made down the side of the nose. Having got his face properly marked, the victim is ready to begin the ceremony. The head of the family—who is the big goose of the sacrifice—grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the wood-shed toward the parlor. Going through the door the head of the family will carefully swing his side of the stove around, and jam his thumb-nail against the door-post. This part of the ceremony is never omitted. Having got the stove

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comfortably in place, the next thing is to find the legs. Two of these are left inside the stove since the spring before. The other two must be hunted after for twenty-five minutes. They are usually found under the coal. Then the head of the family holds up one side of the stove while his wife puts two of the legs in place, and next he holds up the other side while the other two is fixed, and one of the first two falls out. By the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat regardless of his linen. Then he goes off for the pipe, and gets a cinder in his eye. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year, it will be found a little too short or a little too long. The head of the family jams his hat over his eyes, and, taking a pipe under each arm, goes to the tin shop to have it fixed. When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish off from the chair with the nails in his boot-heel. In getting down he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars if it is not the baby. Then he gets an old chair, and climbs up to the chimney again, to find that in cutting the pipe off, the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the wood-shed, and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old axe, and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller. Finally he gets the pipe in shape, and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and wife and the hired girl move the stove to the left, and the legs fall out again. Next it is to move to the right. More difficulty with the legs. Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and he goes to the wood-shed after some little blocks. While putting the blocks under the legs, the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied, the elbow keeps tipping over to the great alarm of the wife. Head of the family gets the dinner-table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife to hold the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails into the ceiling. Drops the hammer on to wife's head. At last gets the nails driven, makes a wire-swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony completed.

Job never put up any stoves. It would have ruined his reputation if he had.

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Tribute to Water.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him, and cried out: "Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"THERE!" answered the preacher, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at a spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth.

"THERE!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all His children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, *there* God brews it; and *down*, low *down* in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God—*there* He brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water.

"And *everywhere* it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintery world; and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph's zone of the siren—whose warp is the rain-drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

"Still *always* it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not *madness* and *murder;* no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in the worlds of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the *demon's* drink, ALCOHOL?" *A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered,* 'No!"

John B. Gough.

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Claribel's Prayer.

The day, with cold, gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell;
But waking Blue Eyes smiled, "'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her *free*, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father,"—still arose another pleading prayer,—
"O, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell;
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When the gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night,
The heavy air was filled with clangor of a bell.
"O, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! O, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
And in the fiery rain? O, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother *evermore* with *conquerors* shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

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"With victors wearing *crowns* and bearing *palms*," he said,
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell.
"O, sweetest herald, say my brother *lives*," she plead.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel,
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night wind rose and fell.
"O, child,"—the herald wept,—"'tis as the dear Lord wills:
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis *well*."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

Lynde Palmer.

The Skeleton in Armor

This poem was suggested by the Round Tower at Newport, now claimed by the Danes, as a work of their ancestors.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Scald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!

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Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me.
Burning but tender:

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And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—

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When on the white sea-strand,
Waiving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us:
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

'And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail.
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hull did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward:

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There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with my many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

Longfellow.

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[From Family Cares and Family Joys.]

TO CECILIA.

I must give you portraits of all my flock of children; who now, having enjoyed their evening meal, are laid to rest upon their soft pillows. Ah! if I had only a really good portrait — I mean a painted one — of my Henrik, my first born, my summer child, as I call him — because he was born on a midsummer-day, in the summer hours both of my life and my fortune; but only the pencil of a Correggio could represent those beautiful, kind, blue eyes, those golden locks, that loving mouth, and that all so pure and beautiful countenance! Goodness and joyfulness beam out from his whole being; even although his buoyant animal life, which seldom allows his arms or legs to be quiet, often expresses itself in not the most agreeable manner. My eleven-years-old boy is, alas! very — his father says — very unmanageable. Still, notwithstanding all his wildness, he is possessed of a deep and restless fund of sentiment, which makes me often tremble for his future happiness. God defend my darling, my summer child, my only son! Oh, how dear he is to me! Ernst warns me often of too partial an affection for this child; and on that very account I will now pass on from No. 1 to

No. 2.

Behold then the little Louise, our eldest daughter, just turned ten years old; and you will see a grave, fair girl, not handsome, but with a round, sensible face; from which I hope, by degrees, to remove a certain ill-tempered expression. She is uncommonly industrious, and kind toward her younger sisters, although very much disposed to lecture them; nor will she allow any opportunity to pass in which her importance as "eldest sister" is not observed; on which account the little ones give her already the title of "Your Majesty," and "Mrs. Judge." The little Louise appears to me one of those who will always be still and sure; and who, on this account, will go fortunately through the world.

No. 3.

People say that my little nine-years-old Eva is very like her mother. I hope it may be a real resemblance. See, then, a little, soft, round-about figure, which, amid laughter and merriment, rolls

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hither and thither lightly and nimbly, with an ever-varying physiognomy, which is rather plain than handsome, although lit up by a pair of beautiful dark-blue eyes. Quickly moved to sorrow, quickly excited to joy; good-hearted, flattering, confection-loving, pleased with new and handsome clothes, and with dolls and play; greatly beloved, too, by brother and sisters, as well as by all the servants, the best friend and playfellow, too, of her brother. Such is the little Eva.

No. 4.

Nos. 3 and 4 ought not properly to come together. Poor Lenore had a sickly childhood, and this rather, I believe, than nature, has given to her an unsteady and violent temper, and has unhappily sown the seeds of envy, toward her more fortunate sisters. She is not deficient in deep feeling, but the understanding is sluggish, and it is extremely difficult for her to learn anything. All this promises no pleasure; rather the very opposite. The expression of her mouth, even in the uncomfortable time of teething, seemed to speak, "Let me be quiet!" It is hardly possible that she can be other than plain, but, with God's help, I hope to make her good and happy.

"My beloved, plain child!" say I sometimes to her as I clasp her tenderly in my arms, for I would willingly reconcile her early to her fate.

No. 5.

But whatever will fate do with the nose of my Petrea? This nose is at present the most remarkable thing about her; and if it were not so large, she really would be a pretty child. We hope, however, that it will moderate itself in her growth.

Petrea is a little lively girl, with a turn for almost everything, whether good or bad, and with a dangerous desire to make herself remarkable, and to excite an interest. Her activity shows itself in destructiveness; yet she is good-hearted and most generous. In every kind of foolery she is a most willing ally with Henrik and Eva, whenever they will grant her so much favor; and if these three be heard whispering together, one may be quite sure that some roguery or other is on foot. There exists already, however, so much unquiet in her, that I fear her whole life will be such; but I will early teach her to turn herself to that which can change unrest into rest.

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No. 6.

And now to the pet child of the house — for the youngest, the loveliest, the so-called "little one" — to her who with her white hands puts the sugar into the father's and mother's cup — the coffee without that would not taste good — to her whose little bed is not yet removed from the chamber of the parents, and who, every morning, creeping out of her own bed, lays her bright, curly little head on her father's shoulder, and sleeps again.

Could you only see the little two-years-old Gabriele, with her large, serious brown eyes; her refined, somewhat pale, but indescribably lovely countenance; her bewitching little gestures; you would be just as much taken with her as the rest, you would find it difficult, as we all do, not to show preference to her. She is a quiet little child, but very unlike her eldest sister. A predominating characteristic of Gabriele is love of the beautiful; she shows a decided aversion to what is ugly and inconvenient, and as decided a love for what is attractive. A most winning little gentility in appearance and manners, has occasioned the brother and sisters to call her "the little young lady," or "the little princess." Henrik is really in love with his little sister, kisses her small white hands with devotion, and in return she loves him with her whole heart. Towards the others she is very often somewhat ungracious, and our good friend the Assessor calls her frequently "the little gracious one," and frequently also "the little ungracious one," but then he has for her especially so many names; my wish is that in the end she may deserve the surname of "the amiable."

Peace be with my young ones! There is not one of them which is not possessed of the material of peculiar virtue and excellence, and yet not also at the same time of the seed of some dangerous vice, which may ruin the good growth of God in them. May the endeavors both of their father and me be blessed in training these plants of heaven aright!

Frederika Bremer.

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The Face against the Pane.

Mabel, little Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan,
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves,
And the willow tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone with her woe,
Wringing as she stands
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm,
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father, you are weeping,
O, Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea a steeping;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight,
And your father knows
The perilous reef,
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,

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With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church bell tolls
  For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell;
In that belfry old and high,
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls, for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea.
God pity them! God pity them!
Wherever they may be.
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain,
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane!

A boom! the light house gun,
How it echoes, rolls and rolls,
'Tis to warn home bound ships
  Off the shoals.
See, a rocket cleaves the sky
From the fort, a shaft of light!
See, it fades, and fading leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What makes Mabel's cheek so pale?
What makes Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That tossing here and there
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight,
Down, down and out of sight?

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O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane —
You cannot see the men that drown
By the beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold,
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands.
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah! so ghastly in the light,
With sea weed in their hair.
O, ancient fishermen
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child
With face against the pane,
Who looks toward the beach
And looking sees it not.
She will never watch again,
Never watch and wake at night,
For those pretty saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the beacon light.

T. B. Aldrich.

Mother and Poet.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! when you sit at the feast.
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;

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But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea, and the west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead!

What 's art for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them. It stings there: I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word country, — I taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed. O, my beautiful eyes!
I exulted! Nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! then one weeps, then one kneels!
— God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin, Ancona was free,
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it! friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy yet remained
To be leant on, and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

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And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. I was not to faint.
One loved me for two; would be with me ere long:
And "Viva Italia" *he* died for, our saint,
"Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add he "was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls, was imprest
It was Guido himself who knew what I could bear
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:
Shot. *Tell his mother.* Ah! ah! "his," "their" mother, not "mine"
No voice says my mother again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and that sorrow that reconciles so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'st thro' the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons not being Christ's, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah! ah! ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport

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Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men,
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,
Have cut the game short.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its green white and red,
When you have a country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
And I have my dead.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah! ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me.

Mrs. Browning.

The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:

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Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the Six Hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell.
While horse and hero fell,

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They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred.

Tennyson.

May Days.

In sweet May time, so long ago,
I stood by the big wheel spinning tow,
Buzz, buzz, so very slow;
Dark, rough logs from the ancient trees,
Fire-place wide for the children's glees.

Above the smoky boards and beams,
Down through the crevice poured golden gleams,
Till the wheel dust glimmered like diamond dreams;
Mother busy with household care,
Baby playing with upturned chairs,
Old clock telling how fast time wears.

These within. Out under the sky
Flecked mists were sailing, birds flitting by
Joyous children playing "I spy."
Up from the earth curled leaves were coming,
Bees in the morning sunshine humming,
Away in the woods the partridge drumming.

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O, how I longed to burst away
From my dull task to the outer day;
But we were poor and I must stay.
So buzz! buzz! — 'twas very slow,
Drawing threads from the shining tow,
When the heart was dancing so.

Then hope went spinning a brighter thread,
On, on, through life's long lane it led,
A path my feet should one day tread.
So pleasant thoughts would time beguile,
Till my mother said, with beaming smile,
"My child may rest, I will reel awhile."

Rest! 'twas the rest that childhood takes,
Off over fences and fragrant brakes,
To the wilds, where the earliest woodland flings
Spring of the year, and life's sweet spring,
Words are poor for the thoughts ye bring.

But ye come together to me no more,
Your twin steps rest on the field of yore,
Ye are mine on yonder immortal shore.
'Twas hard to leave those bright May days,
The mossy path, and leafy maze
For common work, and humdrum ways.

But my steps were turned, I was up the lane,
Back to the buzzing wheel again,
My yarn had finished the ten knot skein;
And my gentle mother stroked my head,
"Your yarn is very nice," she said,
"It will make a beautiful tablespread."

"You are my good girl to work so well,"
Great thoughts my childish heart would swell,
'Till the happy tears like rain drops fell.
I would toil for her, I would gather lore,
From many books a mighty store,
And pay her kindness o'er and o'er.

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She should work no more at wheel or loom,
My earnings should give her a cozy room,
Bright and warm for the winter's gloom,
A soft arm chair for her weary hours,
Books and music, pictures, flowers.

So the sweet dream ran, as the wheel buzzed on,
'Till the golden gleams of light were gone,
And the chilling rain came dripping down,
Ah! my heart has it e'er been so,
Cold clouds shading life's sunniest glow,
Warm hopes drowned in the cold wave's flow.

In the same low room my mother pressed,
Each child to her softly heaving breast,
And closed her eyes and went to rest.
The old walls crumbled long ago,
Hushed the big wheel's buzzing slow,
Worn to shreds is the shining tow.

Yet with the bursting leaves and flowers,
The gushing songs and pearly showers,
Life brightens as in childhood's hours,
And hope this golden morn in May
Spins golden threads that float away
To a heavenly home that is bright for aye.

Scrooge and Marley.

Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is

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in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children

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asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind-men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Dickens

Passing Away.

I.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

II.

But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours that fell on my ear,
As I lay in my dream: yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum, swung;

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(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

III.

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed; — in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

IV.

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed — as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face: — yet one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

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V.

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,
(Let me never forget, to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay) —
"Passing away! passing away!"

Pierpont.

Sheridan's Ride.

I.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan — twenty miles away.

II.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan — twenty miles away.

III.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;

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And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight —
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

IV.

Still sprung from these swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

V.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire —
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

VI.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops; —
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a muttered oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;

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By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"*I have brought you Sheridan all the way*
From Winchester down to save the day!"

VII.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky, —
The American soldier's temple of Fame, —
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"*Here is the steed that saved the day*
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

T. B. Read.

The Night Scene in Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth's Room in the Castle at Dunsinane.

Enter GENTLEWOMAN *and* PHYSICIAN.

Phy. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phy. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. — Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually: 'tis her command.

Phy. You see her eyes are open?

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Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark! she speaks.

Lady M. Out, terrible spot! out, I say!—One: Two: Why, then, 'tis time to do't!—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean!—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Phy. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Phy. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Phy. Even so.

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Phy. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.—
Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—
Good Heaven, forgive us all!

Shakspeare.

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BRIEF EXTRACTS.

The Nature of True Eloquence.

True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, God-like action.

Daniel Webster.

Self-Reliance.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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The Brain.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Burning Prairie.

I.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
  As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door,
  With his little girl on his knee;
Striving her letters to repeat—
And pulling her apron over her feet.

II.

His face was wrinkled but not old,
  For he bore an upright form,
And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled,
  They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes cracked and burned.

III.

A dog with his head betwixt his paws,
  Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar black jaws,
At the fly that buzzed in his ear.
And near was the cow-pen made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking pails.

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IV.

In the open door an ox yoke lay,
The mother's odd redoubt,
To keep the little one at her play
On the floor from falling out,
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea kettle at the spring.

V.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
Had said her lesson through.
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

VI.

The watch dog whined, the cattle lowed,
And tossed their horns about,
The air grew gray as if it snowed,
"There will be a storm no doubt,"
So to himself the settler said,
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

VII.

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood.
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,
"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

VIII.

She caught the baby up, "Come,
Are ye mad? to your heels my man.
He followed terror stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran,
Close upon them was the snort and swing,
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

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IX.

The wild winds like a sower sows,
The ground with sparkles red,
And the flapping wings of bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead;
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make.

X.

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on,
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot; "this fluttering curl,
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

XI.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire.
For she cannot be hindered from looking back,
At the fiery dragon on their track.

XII.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whir and rave,
On! on! they are close to the water's edge;
They are there breast deep in the wave,
And lifting their little ones high o'er the tide,
"We're saved, thank God, we're saved," they cried!

Alice Cary

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;

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A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation, — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.
An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence;
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain,
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

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O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap!
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit a pat!"
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure;
His queer, long coat from heels to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in,
There was no guessing his kith or kin;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire;
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand-sire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb stone!"
He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper,"
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

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"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gray young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished.
You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With, "first, if you please, my thousand guilders."
A thousand guilders; the Mayor looked blue
And so did the corporation too,
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river brink,
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
A thousand guilders! Come take fifty"

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The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! Folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes,
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast,
Alas! alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
  Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But soon they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever.

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And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street, —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
And opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.

Robert Browning.

Psalm xc.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

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Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Ivry.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy murmuring daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

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He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, God save our lord the King!
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may —
For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry — "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go"—
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white —
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

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Up with it high; unfurl it wide — that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! ho! matrons of Lucerne —
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

Macaulay.

Gaffer Gray.

Heartily. "Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?"—

With the tremulous voice of age. "'Tis the weather that's cold,
"'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new; Well-a-day!"

"Then line thy warm doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass!"
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?—Well-a-day!"

"Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door."
"The priest often preaches
"Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,— Well-a-day!"

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"The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front."
"He will fasten his locks
And threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want; — Well-a-day!"

'The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there."
"His fat beeves and his beer
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,—Well-a-day!"

"My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray;
What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live!"
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,— Well-a-day!"

Holcroft.

Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his bride,
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak' that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna' been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin,
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win,
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me!"

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My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack!
The ship it was a wrack — why didna Jennie dee?
Or why do I live to say, "Wae's me?"

My father argued sair; my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he —
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee."

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, "Wae's me?"

I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin;
I daur na think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Barnard.

Christian Mariner's Hymn.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner;
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands;
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempest will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.

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Reef in the foresail there;
Hold the helm fast!
So — let the vessel wear;
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman,
What of the night?"
"Cloudy — all quiet;
No land yet — all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There! let the ingots go;
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near,—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet,
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on;
Cut through the foam: —
Christian! cast anchor, now;
Heaven is thy home!

Mrs. Hemans

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Scenes from the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

THE rite of baptism had not been performed for several months at the kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God, and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was the Sabbath day,—and a small congregation, of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service in a place of worship more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. Here, too, were three children about to be baptized. The congregation had not assembled at the toll of the bell; but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sun-dials among the hills, woods, moors and fields, and the shepherds and the peasants see the hours passing by them in sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled was hewn by God's hand out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees.

The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities, by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude.

On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious heighth of unscalable and often overhanging cliffs. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild-ca chose more accessible haunts. Yet, here came the persecuted Christians, and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

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The rite of baptism was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it, in more compacted volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their watchful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation rose. There were paths dangerous to unpracticed feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder, more especially the old pastor, and the women with infants; and many minutes had not elapsed till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts of the caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm had laid down again in his plaid instantly on the green sward upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath day. Over with him, over with him; out of the gallery into the pit."

But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow; and, mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way toward a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads, follow me; I know the way down into the bed of the stream—and the steps up to Wallace's Cave. They are called the 'Kittle Nine Stanes.' The hunt's up. We'll all be in at the death. Halloo, my boys, halloo!"

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The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded bank, a little below the "craigs," and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all were silent and solitary; not a creature to be seen. "Here is a Bible dropped by some of them," cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet, a bonnet," cried nother; "now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure yes below it."

But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eying with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. "Curse these cowardly covenanters—what if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock from their hiding-places? Advance? or retreat?"

There was no reply. For a slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading, they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshiped God—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms, neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet-briars, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation, as if with an earthquake "The Lord have mercy upon us—what is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles down the stony channel of the torrent.

The old gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said, with a loud voice, "The Lord God terrible reign

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eth." A water-spout had burst up among the moor-lands, and the river in its power was at hand. There it came, tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and in a moment filled it with one mass of waves. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment; but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the covenanters—men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves in that raging thunder.

John Wilson.

The Battle.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column.
Through the green plain they marching come
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the Major along the front
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with your children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

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See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder.
From host to host with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round;
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by ball is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hindest man,
That the line may not fall to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come we may meet once more.
The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.
"What? Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell.
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—O God! are the guns so near?
Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsaketh thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.
Brethren, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

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Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
Tremor has seized on the dastards all,
And their leaders fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night!
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

Translated from Schiller by Bulwer.

Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

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We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Miss Priest.

The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

A LOGICAL STORY.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——Ah, but stay,

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I'll tell you what happened, without delay—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon *swore*—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:—
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place must stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;

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He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The cross-bars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs from logs from the "Setler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen Hundred—it came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty—and Fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,

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So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay—
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Hud up!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n' house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?

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The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.—
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is *logic*. That's all I say.

O. W. Holmes.

Warren's Address.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal,
Read it on yon bristling steel,
Ask it, ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

Rev. John Pierpont.

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A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers;
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting;
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

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Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

Tasso's Coronation.

I.

A trumpet's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of victory,
There is crowding to the capitol, the imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crowned,—a kingly child of song!

II.

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Mid the joy of Rome.

III.

A thousand thousand laurel-boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

IV.

Peace! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies;
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

V.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main!
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, forever there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

VI.

Yes! for him, the victor,
Sing,—but low, sing low!
A soft sad *mis-e-re-re* chant,
For a soul about to go!

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VII.

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past renown:
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown!

VIII.

Shut the proud, bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

IX.

The wreath is twined, the way is strewn, the lordly train are met.
The streets are hung with coronals,—why stays the minstrel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief,—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

X.

Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown,—
Way for the bier,—make way!

Mrs. Hemans.

Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter-snow,
And the winter-winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day:—
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.

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Old year you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest;
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold my friend
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! o'er the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps—the light burns low—
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die!
Old year we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?—
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin;—
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,

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And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Alfred Tennyson.

Song of the Greeks.

I.

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free:
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

II.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we 've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

III.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword we have drawn we will sheathe not!
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:

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If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us;
To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory?—
Our women—O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for, the godlike of earth!
Strike home! and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,—
When the blood of yon Musselman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens!

Campbell.

The Bell of the Atlantic.

Toll, toll, toll, thou bell by billows swung;
And, night and day, thy warning words repeat with mournful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boat, wrecked on yon rocky shore!
Sea-weed is in her palace walls; she rides the surge no more.

Toll for the master bold, the high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life amid the crested wave!
Toll for the hardy crew, sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared; but it vanquished them at last.

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Toll for the man of God, whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan of that intense despair!
How precious were those tones on that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm, and the mountain billows' strife!

Toll for the lover lost to the summoned bridal train!
Bright glows a picture on his breast, beneath th' unfathomed main.
One from her casement gazeth long o'er the misty sea:
He cometh not, pale maiden—his heart is cold to thee.

Toll for the absent sire, who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad expecting group—fond wife and children dear!
They heap the blazing hearth; the festal board is spread;
But a fearful guest is at the gate: room for the pallid dead!

Toll for the loved and fair, the whelmed beneath the tide—
The broken harps around whose strings the dull sea-monsters glide!
Mother and nursling sweet, reft from their household throng.
There's bitter weeping in the nest where breathed the soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed 'neath misery's furrowing trace!
Toll for the hapless orphan left, the last of all his race!
Yea, with thy heaviest knell, from surge to rocky shore,
Toll for the living,—not the dead, whose mortal woes are o'er!

Toll, toll, toll, o'er breeze and billow free,
And with thy startling lore instruct each rover of the sea:
Tell how o'er proudest joys may swift destruction sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high—lone teacher of the deep.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

Adams and Jefferson.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead.

But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that

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perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that, when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows; but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live—perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age—who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very center; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a

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mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor in producing that momentous event.

Daniel Webster

Polish War Song.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—
Rouse ye in the name of God,—
Onward, onward, strong and steady,—
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.
Freedom calls, ye brave!
Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

Grasp the sword!—its edge is keen,
Seize the gun!—its ball is true:
Sweep your land from tyrant clean,—
Haste, and scour it through and through!
Onward, onward! Freedom cries,
Rush to arms,—the tyrant flies.

By the souls of patriots gone,
Wake,—arise,—your fetters break,
Kosciusko bids you on,—
Sobieski cries awake!
Rise, and front the despot czar,
Rise, and dare the unequal war.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—
Think of what your sires have been,—
Onward, onward! strong and steady,—
Drive the tyrant to his den.
On, and let the watchwords be,
Country, home, and liberty!

James G. Percival.

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The Boys.

This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar; we're twenty to-night.

We 're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsey,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We 've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge"!
It 's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow 's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That 's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There 's the "Reverend"—what 's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was, too!

There 's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he 's the "Squire."

And there 's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee"!

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You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!

Oliver W. Holmes.

An Order for a Picture.

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light,
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the little house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,

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With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
  Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
  Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
  With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
  The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
  That are beaming on me all the while!
  I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
  She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
  The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
  At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
  Nobody ever crossed her track
  To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
  With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
  I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.

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Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid,
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our head, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day,
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat·
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:

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But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their birds, at her knee,
But, oh that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Alice Cary.

Scene from the Merchant of Venice.

Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a

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husband. O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection toward any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "And you will not have me choose;" he hears merry tales and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher, when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be mocker; but, he! why he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine. He is every man in no man; if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you

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will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited; I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round-hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behavior everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a ox of the ear, of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him gain when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should make offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you would refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called

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Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now! What news?

Servant. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.

Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

Shakspeare.

The National Ensign.

Sir, I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple; dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand-fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity, and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There 's magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead: and of him the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so

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long been raging—"the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." But before all and above all other associations and memories—whether of glorious men or glorious deeds, or glorious places—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said·
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

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Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips, of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is stiff and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and noon on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart,
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.

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Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

War Lyrics of the South.

Zenobia's Ambition

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved any thing great in letters, arts or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right—I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged?—what province have I oppressed?—what city pillaged?—what region drained with taxes?—whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed?—whose honor have I wantonly assailed?—whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon?—I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that

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I reign not more *over* you than *within* you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose now my ambition add another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting; receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it.

But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too, you can bear me witness that I do, that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

William Ware.

Portia's Speech on Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

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His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings—
It is an attribute to God himself.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all
To render the deeds of mercy.

Shakspeare.

The Bells.*

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats

* The compiler has taken the liberty of omitting many repetitions, believing that the ordinary reader will have less trouble in the rendering, while the elocutionist may insert them at will.

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To the turtle dove, that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells,
How it swells!
How it dwells!
On the future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh! the bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;

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Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats,
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people!
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling,
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human;
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Keeping time,
As he knells,

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In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A. Poe.

Romeo and Juliet.

Balcony Scene.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Juliet *appears on the Balcony, and sits down.*

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
"It is my lady; Oh! it is my love:
"Oh, that she knew she were!"
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses: I will answer it.
I am too bold. Oh, were those eyes in heaven,
They would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah, me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!
Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air,

Jul. Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

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Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title! Romeo, quit thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word!
Call me but love, I will forswear my name
And never more be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am!
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound!
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither?—tell me—and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place, death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee here, they'll murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords! look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not, for the world, they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

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He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke! But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay,
And I will take thy word! yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo! but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light!
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow—
Jul. Oh! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love—
Jul. Well, do not swear! Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;

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It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
'Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite,
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. Anon, good Nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit from balcony.*]

Rom. Oh! blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay;
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come anon! But, if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come!
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

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To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Juliet.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would he fear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo *entering.*

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name!
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I!
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say— Good night, 'till it be morrow.

[*Exit from balcony.*

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Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Jack Horner.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a great boy am I.'"

Ah! the world has many a *Horner*,
Who, seated in his corner,
Finds a Christmas pie provided for his thumb,
And cries out with exultation,
When successful exploration
Doth discover the predestined plum.

Little Jack outgrows his tire,
And becometh John, Esquire,
And he finds a monstrous pastry ready-made,
Stuffed with notes and bonds and bales,
With invoices and sales,
And all the mixed ingredients of trade.

And again it is his luck,
To be just in time to pluck,
By a "clever operation," from the pie
An unexpected plum;
So he glorifies his thumb,
And says, proudly, "What a mighty man am I."

Or, perchance, to science turning,
And, with weary labor, learning
All the formulas that oppress her,
For the fruit of others baking,
So a fresh diploma taking,
Comes he forth a full accredited professor.

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Or he's not too nice to mix
In the dish of politics;
And the dignity of office he puts on;
And feels as big again
As a dozen nobler men,
While he writes himself the "Honorable John."

Not to hint at female Horners,
Who, in their exclusive corners,
Think the world is only made of upper crust,
And in the funny pie
That we call *society*,
Their dainty fingers delicately thrust.

Till it sometimes comes to pass,
In the spiced and sugared mass,
One may compass (don't they call it so?) a catch;
And the gratulation given,
Seems as if the very heaven
Had outdone itself in making such a match.

Oh, the world keeps Christmas day
In a queer perpetual way;
Shouting always, "What a great, big boy am I!"
Yet how many of the crowd,
Thus vociferating loud,
And all its accidental honors lifting high,
Have really more than Jack,
With all their lucky knack,
Had a finger in the making of the pie.

Mother Goose for Grown People.

Barbara Frietchie.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,

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Apple and peach-trees fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished Rebel horde.

On that pleasant day of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town,
Forty flags with the silvery stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that *one heart* was loyal yet.
Up the street came the Rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast;
It shivered the window, pane, and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at Barbara's deed and word:

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"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet,
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the Rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more;
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town.

Whittier.

Which?

The following tells its own story, and a beautiful one it is too—reading best and sounding sweetest, when the family circle have gathered around the evening lamp, perhaps:

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as tho' my locks were jet).
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said?"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
This is his letter:

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,

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If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not spare!
Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept;
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way.
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her — not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim,
Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one —
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave

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Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way.
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly,
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad —
So like his father. "No, John, no —
I cannot, will not, let HIM go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting then to ONE IN HEAVEN!

The Power of Habit.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

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"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind, adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly, some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming; over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

John B. Gough.

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From Ivanhoe

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

'Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself, at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance."

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind

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maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath, look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded night.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for, as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans, moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed:

"Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress

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of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed, and of the captive!"

She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed:

"He is down! — he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe. "For our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness, "But no — but no! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm — his sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow — the giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have — they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the beseiged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded men to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering. "The soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles — the besieged have the better!"

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them

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above all the din and shouts of the battle — stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch; "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes— it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the outwork is won — they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat! Oh, men — if ye be indeed men — spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge, the bridge which communicates with the castle, have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!"

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it, from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

Walter Scott.

Rip Van Winkle.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on

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which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

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"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

"Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged.

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The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah! poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

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All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty long years had been to him but as one night.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back.

The old Dutch inhabitants almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon. *Irving.*

Are the Children at Home?

Each day when the glow of sunset
  Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
  Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
  Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
  Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
  That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
  Echoing with boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
  And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
  "It is night! are the children home?"

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"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land—

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me—
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats o'er their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night;

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They tell me his mind is failing,
  But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
  In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
  Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
  Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
  "Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
  "Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

Atlantic Monthly.

From the "School for Scandal."

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me you should have adopted me, and not married me. I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I am sure I am not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums upon such unmeaning luxury. You spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

Lady T. Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with

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me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir P. Zounds! Madam; if you had been born to this, I should not wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one — or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in a somewhat humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. Oh yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements, to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not the materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a fox chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-a-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I never did that; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well then; and there is but one thing more you can make me, to add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose.

Lady T. Hem! hem!

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Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself, for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you. However, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to thwart me in every little expense, and make yourself so disagreeable to me?

Sir P. Had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Sir Peter, would you have me out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay; there again—taste. Zounds! Madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintances you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a poor wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would your restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I declare I bear no malice against the people I abuse
When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and take it for granted, they deal exactly so with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

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Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to you. [*Exit Lady T.*]

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, I can't make her love me, but there is a satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me.

SCENE II.

Lady T. Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir P. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What! ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond of re-payment.

Lady T. Oh, no; there—my note of hand will do as well. (Offering her hand.)

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T.—If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you're tired out first.

Sir P. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

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Lady T. Aye, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance would abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Aye, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I didn't think you ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say would make a very good sort of husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right; and we shall be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never! though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel, take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There now! you—you—are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir P. There, now, you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. You are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert rural coquette, that had refused half a dozen honest squires in the neighborhood.

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Lady T. And I was a fool to marry you, an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because no one would have him.

Sir P. You were pleased enough to listen to me. You never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir P. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple in the world—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so bye-bye. (*Exit Lady T.*)

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! O, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper; no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

Sheridan.

Liberty and Independence.

JULY 4, 1776.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;

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And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh! God grant they won't refuse;'
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men."

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered rise again.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign;
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exulting cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

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How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

At old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die.

Mary Maloney's Philosophy.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world?"

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh; "oh, what a hand ye be after joking; why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead!"

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos; "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose."

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is, the creature"

"You have to pay your little sister's board."

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"Sure, the bit creature, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses either, Mary Maloney."

"Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies'. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney."

"Oh, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing, and then if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

Phi'adelphia Bulletin.

The Ballad of Babie Bell.

I.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
  With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
  Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
  Hung in the glittering depths of even,
Its bridges, running to and fro,

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O'er which the white-winged angels go,
  Bearing the holy dead to heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers, those feet,
  So light they did not bend the bells
  Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
  Then all the air grew strangely sweet;
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours.

II.

She came and brought delicious May,
  The swallows built beneath the eaves;
  Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
  And o'er the porch the trembling vine
  Seemed bursting with its veins of wine;
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds,
  And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
  Came to this world of ours!

III.

  O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
  What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
  So full of meaning, pure and bright,
  As if she yet stood in the light
Of those opened gates of paradise!
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
  Was love so lovely born;
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen,
  The land beyond the morn

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And for the love of those dear eyes
  For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of him who smote our lives,
  And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, "Dear Christ!" our hearts bent down
  Like violets after rain.

IV.

And now the orchards, which were white
  And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime,
  The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grape hung purpling in the grange,
And time wrought just as rich a change
  In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
  And in her features we could trace,
  In softened curves, her mother's face,
Her angel-nature ripened too,
We thought her lovely when she came,
  But she was holy, saintly now,
  Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

V.

God's hand had taken away the seal
  That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words,
  Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
  We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things,
She was Christ's self in purity.

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VI.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow 'ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief,"
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours;
Our hearts are broken Babie Bell.

VII.

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands,
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We wove the roses round her brow,
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,
Wrapped her from head to foot in flowers,
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Irishwoman's Letter.

And sure, I was tould to come in till yer honer,
To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat,
He's gone for a soger is Misther O'Conner,
Wid a sthripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what 'ill ye tell him? shure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer honor to spake with the pen,

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Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby yer honor), is better again.

For when he wint off so sick was the craythur,
She niver hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
And when I'd be cryin he'd look at me wild like,
And ax "would I wish for the counthry's disgrace."

So he left her in danger, an me sorely gravin,
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And its often I drame of the big drums a batin,
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of my boy.

Tell him to sind us a bit of his money,
For the rint and the docther's bill, due in a wake,
An, shure there's a tear on yer eyelashes honey,
I' faith I've no right with such fradom to spake.

I'm over much thrifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willin—oh what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

Dead! Patrick O'Conner! oh God its some ither,
Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
An the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin mother,
It hasn't had time yet yer honor to dhry.

Dead! dead! O God, am I crazy?
Shure its brakin my heart ye are telling me so,
An what en the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
O what can I do? where can I go?

This room is so dark—I'm not seein yer honor,
I think I'll go home—And a sob hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear drop welled up to her eye.

M. A. Denison.

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From Atalanta in Calydon.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man,
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from Heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein.

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A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
  And love and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

Algernon Chas. Swinburn

Darius Green and his Flying Machine.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, did n't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
  Or spreading the tail
  Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
  And wonder why
  He could n't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try, —
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who did n't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that 's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, — age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean, —
Just right for flying, as will be seen;

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He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry, — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore,
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the the old almanacks.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle, or fin or pinion,
We soon or late
Shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,"

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Says he with a grin,
"That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter 'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men?
Jest show me that?
Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than 's in my hat,
An' I 'll back down, an' not till then?"

He argued further: "Nor I can't see
What 's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me; —
Ain't my business
Important 's his 'n is?
That Icarus
Made a perty muss, —
Him an' his daddy Dædalus.
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Would 'nt stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I 'll make mine o' luther,
Ur suthin' ur other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that 's big an' grand."
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread,
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use; —
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;

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Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover for tail and wings;
A piece of a harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work, —
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks,
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a dipper of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let the dipper of water fly.

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 't was done, —
The greatest invention under the sun!
'An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

'T was the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,

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Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by, —
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I sha' n't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll have full swing
Fur to try the thing,
An' practice a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
My gracious! — feel 's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "'Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Should n't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I get red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said: —

"I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, tnen soon 's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!

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I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;
And seeing the others were gone, he said,
I'm gittin'-over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What is the feller up to, hey?"
"Don'o',—the's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he would n't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hed n't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke:
"Le 's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

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As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot
An iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)
Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,—
So this modern knight,
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
"He 's up in the shed!
He 's opened the winder, — I see his head!
He stretches it out,
An' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near; —
Guess he don'o' who 's hid in here!
He 's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He 's a climbin' out now— Of all the things!
What 's he got on? I van, it 's wings!
An' that 't other thing? I vum, it 's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings like a monstrous bat;

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Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fur to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see — The dragon! he 's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop — flop — an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear
Heels over head, to his proper sphere, —
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels, —
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things, —
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that was n't so nice by half.

Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'T is a merry roar
From the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a awful sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to *light*"

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MORAL.

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral, — Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, — *Take care how you light.*

J. T. Trowbridge

No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the* Church" or not.

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When down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat, slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away, away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts up to the throne.

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Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

'Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left — his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And, now, when the river is rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor even a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new
That is the false, and this is the true;"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say

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What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'O let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Come out alike on the other side;
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Mrs. Cleveland.

Poetry.

I consider Poetry in a twofold view, as a spirit and a manifestation. Perhaps the poetic spirit has never been more justly defined, than by Byron in his Prophecy of Dante, — a creation

"From overfeeling good or ill, an aim
At an external life beyond our fate."

This spirit may be manifested by language, metrical or prose, by declamation, by musical sounds, by expression, by gesture, by motion, and by imitating forms, colors and shades; so that literature, oratory, music, physiognomy, acting, and the arts of painting and sculpture may all have their poetry; but that peculiar spirit, which alone gives the great life and charm to all the efforts of genius, is as distinct from the measure and rhyme of poetical composition, as from the scientific principles of drawing and perspective.

The world is full of poetry; — the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,

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Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
For ever charming, and for ever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skillful, and moved with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peals of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'T is not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'T is not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'T is a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and Heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.

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'T is not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language winged with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commissioned to affright us and destroy.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling when my eye looked forth
On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms.
How my heart gladdened, as the light of spring
Came from the sun, with zephyrs, and with showers,
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.
O, how I gazed upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's Heaven of glory, and the waves,
That rolled, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning, and terrible; then sent abroad
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That rolled in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,
The warning of its coming, and the sound
That ushered in its elemental war!
And, oh! I stood, in breathless longing fixed,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heaved their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long hoarse murmer, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

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Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure
As Nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
Fresh from the hand that wrought her; where the eye
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
White as the snow of Zemla, or the foam
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctured round,
In easy undulations, with a belt,
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
Mantled in ebon darkness, strewed with stars
Its canopy, that seemed to swell, and swell
The higher, as I gazed upon it, till,
Sphere after sphere, evolving, on the height
Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,
In glory's full effulgence, and a wave,
Intensely bright, rolled, like a fountain, forth
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and streamed
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,
Bathing the heavens in light, the spring that gushed,
In overflowing richness, from the breast
Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak; they were unknown, but still
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone,
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
Poured, in a torrent fullness, from the tongue
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored
With all the patriarchs of British song
Hallowed and rendered glorious, cannot tell
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

Percival.

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Wool Gathering and Mouse Hunting.

Here we stop for the night. You are shown into a room that has not been opened since its occupant left it, and is unsavory and untidy to the last degree. An appeal to the gentlemanly clerk secures a change for the better; but there is a hole by the fireplace in Number Two that looks suspicious. You cross-examine the porter, who assures you that it has no significance whatever. A mouse in that room is an event of which history gives no record Nevertheless, you take the precaution to stuff the hole with an ol *New York Herald*, and are awakened at midnight by the dreadful rustling of paper. A dreadful gnawing succeeds the dreadful rustling, and away goes a boot in the direction of the sound. There is a pause broken only by heart throbs! Then another gnawing, followed by a boot till the supply is exhausted. Then you begin on the pillows. A longer pause gives rise to the hope that order is about to reign in Warsaw, and you are just falling asleep again, when a smart scratching close to your ear, shoots you to the other side of the room with the conviction that the mouse is running up the folds of the curtain at the head of your bed. In a frenzy you ring violently, and ask through the door for a chambermaid.

"Can't have no chambermaid this time o' night," drawls the porter sleepily.

"Then send up a mouse-trap."

"Aint no mouse-trap in the house."

"Then bring a cat!"

"Dunno nothin' about it," and he scuffs his slippered feet down the long gallery, growling audibly, poor fellow, half suspecting evidently that he is the victim of a joke; but alas! it is no joke.

You mount sentry on the foot of the bed, facing the enemy. He emerges from the curtain, runs up and down the slats of the blind in innocent glee, flaunts across the window-seat, flashing every now and then into obscurity; and this is the worst of all. When you see him he is in one place, but when you do not see him he is everywhere. You hold fast your umbrella, and from time to time make vigorous raps on the floor to keep him out of your immediate vicinity, and so the night wears wearily away. Your refreshing sleep turns into a campaign against a mouse, for which agreeable entertainment you pay in the morning three dollars and a half; and

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the gentlemanly clerk, with a pitying smile, informs you, 'O, we cannot help that! There are mice all over the house!"

Moral reflection: If ever the education of a soaring human boy be intrusted to my care, I will endeavor to model his manners on those of a clerk in a hotel. For conscious superiority, tempered with benevolence and swathed in suavity; for perfect self-possession; for high-bred condescension to the ignorance and toleration of the weakness of others; for absolute equality to circumstances, and a certain grace, assurance, and flourish of bearing, — give me a clerk in a hotel. We may see generals, poets and philosophers, indistinguishable from the common herd; but a true hotel clerk wears on his beauteous brow, and in his noble mien, the indubitable sign of greatness.

From Albany to Niagara is a pleasant day's journey, and the Niagara mice are not quite so large, nor quite so lively, as those of Eastern New York. They do not appear till the second day. Then, resting quietly after a walk, you see a mouse creep timidly from under the bureau. You improvise a sort of pontoon bridge to the bell, out of your chairs and tables, and, as it is day-time, secure a chambermaid and superintend a mouse hunt. She whisks about the room enthusiastically, peers under all the furniture, assuring you the while that it is four years now she has been in the house and never saw a mouse in the chambers, though she confesses to having seen them in the kitchen, and, being hard pressed, well, she *has* seen them in the passages; but in the chambers, no! never! and you are led to believe that, though a mouse might stand shivering on the brink of your room, he would fear to step foot over the threshold. No, there is no mouse here, not a sign of a mouse.

"No sign of a mouse, except the mouse itself," you suggest.

"Ah! but you must have been mistaken. It was a shadow. Why" (with a grand flourish of the valance with her right hand, and in the air with her left), "you can see for yourself there is no mouse here," — and she thinks she has made her point.

You look at her, debating within yourself whether it is worth while to attempt to acquaint her with the true province of negatives, the proper disposition of the burden of proof, and the sophistry of an undue assumption of the major premise, and decide that it is not.

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Moral and philological reflection: We see now the reason why trunks and traveling-bags are called traps. Synecdoche: Because the mouse-traps are the most important part of your luggage.

Gail Hamilton.

A Legend of Bregenz.

Girt round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

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She served kind, gentle masters,
  Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
  Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
  To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
  On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
  With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
  In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
  Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
  To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
  Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
  Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
  She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
  Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
  More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
  Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
  Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
  Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, —
  With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
  The women gathered round;

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All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemens' stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own.

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Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,—
She leans upon his neck

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To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

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And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

Adelaide Procter

The Grandmother's Apology.

And Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Annie?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save;
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh! — but he wouldn't hear me — and Willy, you say, is gone.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me, chirrupt the nightingale.

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All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy, — he didn't see me, — and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one — it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still."

'Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
Never jealous — not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep — my own time seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too — they sing to their team;
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream;
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed —
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

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And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five,
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

Tennyson.

What is Glory? What is Fame?

What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast—
This is the World's fame at the best!

What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream,—a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch—nonentity;

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A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain,
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-bandied name,—
Av, this is Glory! — this is Fame!

Motherwell.

The Progress of Poesy.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.

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Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,

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Sailing with supreme dominion
  Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
  Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
  Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far, — but far above the Great.

Gray.

From The Toilers of the Sea.

I.

THE COMBAT.

Gilliatt ascended to the summit of the Great Douvre.

From hence he could see around the horizon.

The western side was appalling. A wall of cloud spread across it, barring the wide expanse from side to side, and ascending slowly from the horizon towards the zenith. This wall, straight-lined, vertical, without a crevice in its height, without a rent in its structure, seemed built by the square, and measured by the plumb-line. It was cloud in the likeness of granite. Its escarpment, completely perpendicular at the southern extremity, curved a little towards the north, like a bent sheet of iron, presenting the steep, slippery face of an inclined plane. The dark wall enlarged and grew; but its entablature never ceased for a moment to be parallel with the horizon line, which was almost indistinguishable in the gathering darkness. Silently, and altogether, the airy battlements ascended. No undulation, no wrinkle, no projection changed its shape or moved its place. The aspect of this immobility in movement was impressive. The sun, pale in the midst of a strange, sickly transparence, lighted up this outline of the Apocalypse. Already the cloudy bank had blotted out one-half the space of the sky, shelving like the fearful tatus of the abyss. It was the uprising of a dark mountain between earth and heaven.

It was night falling suddenly upon midday.

There was a heat in the air as from an ovendoor, coming from that mysterious mass on mass. The sky, which from blue had be-

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come white, was now turning from white to a slaty gray. The sea beneath, leaden-hued and dull. No breath, no wave, no noise. Far as eye could reach, the desert ocean. No sail was visible on any side. The birds had disappeared. Some monstrous treason seemed abroad.

The wall of cloud grew visibly larger.

This moving mountain of vapors, which was approaching the Douvres, was one of those which might be called the clouds of battle Sinister appearances; some strange, furtive glance seemed cast upon the beholder through that obscure mass up-piled.

The approach was terrible.

Gilliatt observed it closely, and muttered to himself, "I am thristy enough, but you will give me plenty to drink."

He stood there motionless a few moments, his eye fixed upon the cloud-bank, as if mentally taking a sounding of the tempest.

His *galérienne* was in the pocket of his jacket; he took it out and placed it on his head. Then he fetched from the cave, which had so long served him for a sleeping-place, a few things which he had kept there in reserve; he put on his overalls, and attired himself in his water-proof overcoat, like a knight who puts on his armour at the moment of battle. He had no shoes, but his naked feet had become hardened to the rocks.

This preparation for the storm being completed, he looked down upon his breakwater, grasped the knotted cord hurriedly, descended from the plateau of the Douvre, stepped on to the rocks below, and hastened to his store cavern. A few moments later he was at work. The vast silent cloud might have heard the strokes of his hammer. With the nails, ropes, and beams which still remained, he constructed for the eastern gullet a second frame, which he succeeded in fixing at ten or twelve feet from the other.

The silence was still profound. The blades of grass between the cracks of the rocks were not stirred.

The sun disappeared suddenly. Gilliatt looked up.

The rising cloud had just reached it. It was like the blotting out of day, succeeded by a mingled pale reflection.

The immense wall of cloud had changed its appearance. It no longer retained its unity. It had curved on reaching the zenith, whence it spread horizontally over the rest of the heavens. It

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had now its various stages. The tempest formation was visible, like the strata in the side of a trench. It was possible to distinguish the layers of the rain from the beds of hail. There was no lightning, but a horrible, diffused glare; for the idea of horror may be attached to light. The vague breathing of the storm was audible; the silence was broken by an obscure palpitation. Gilliatt, silent, also, watched the giant blocks of vapor grouping themselves overhead, forming the shapeless mass of clouds. Upon the horizon brooded and lengthened out a band of mist of ashen hue; in the zenith, another band of lead color. Pale, ragged fragments of cloud hung from the great mass above upon the mist below. The pile of cloud which formed the background was wan, dull, gloomy. A thin, whitish, transverse cloud, coming no one could tell whither, cut the high dark wall obliquely from north to south. One of the extremities of this cloud trailed along the surface of the sea. At the point where it touched the waters a dense red vapor was visible in the midst of the darkness. Below it, smaller clouds, quite black and very low, were flying as if bewildered or moved by opposite currents of air. The immense cloud behind increased from all points at once, darkened the eclipse, and continued to spread its somber pall. In the east, behind Gilliatt, there was only one clear porch in the heavens, which was rapidly being closed. Without any feeling of wind abroad, a strange flight of gray downy particles seemed to pass; they were fine, and scattered as if some gigantic bird had been plucked of its plumage behind the bank of cloud. A dark, compact roof had gradually formed itself, which on the verge of the horizon touched the sea, and mingled in darkness with it. The beholder had a vague sense of something advancing steadily towards him. It was vast, heavy, ominous. Suddenly an immense peal of thunder burst upon the air.

Gilliatt himself felt the shock. The rude reality in the midst of that visionary region has something in it terrific. The listener fancies that he hears something falling in the chamber of giants. No electric flash accompanied the report. It was a blind peal. The silence was profound again. There was an interval, as when combatants take up their position. Then appeared slowly, one after the other, great shapeless flashes; these flashes were silent. The wall of cloud was now a vast cavern, with roofs and arches. Out-

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lines of forms were traceable among them; monstrous heads were vaguely shadowed forth; rocks seemed to stretch out; elephants bearing turrets, seen for a moment, vanished. A column of vapor, straight, round, and dark, and surmounted by a white mist, simulated the form of a colossal steam-vessel engulfed and hissing and smoking beneath the waves. Sheets of cloud undulated like folds of giant flags. In the center, under a thick purple pall, a nucleus of dense fog sunk motionless, inert, impenetrable by the electric fires: a sort of hideous fœtus in the bosom of the tempest.

Suddenly Gilliatt felt a breath moving his hair. Two or three large drops of rain fell heavily around him on the rock. Then there was a second thunder-clap. The wind was rising.

The terror of darkness was at its highest point. The first peal of thunder had shaken the sea; the second rent the wall of cloud from top to base; a breach was visible; the pent-up deluge rushed towards it; the rent became like a gulf filled with rain. The outpouring of the tempest had begun.

The moment was terrible.

Rain, wind, lightnings, thunder, waves swirling upwards to the clouds, foam, hoarse noises, whistlings, mingled together, like monsters suddenly unloosened.

For a solitary man, imprisoned with an overloaded bark between two dangerous rocks in mid-ocean, no crisis could have been more menacing. The danger of the tide, over which he had triumphed, was nothing compared with the danger of the tempest.

II.

THE APPEAL IS HEARD.

Some hours passed.

The sun rose in an unclouded sky.

Its first ray shone upon a motionless form upon the Great Douvre. It was Gilliatt.

He was still outstretched upon the rock.

He was naked, cold, and stiff, but he did not shiver. His closed eyelids were wan. It would have been difficult for a beholder to say whether the form before him was a corpse.

The sun seemed to look upon him.

If he were not dead, he was already so near death that the slight cold would have sufficed to extinguish life.

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The wind began to breathe, warm and animating — the opening breath of May.

Meanwhile the sun ascended in the deep blue sky; its rays, less horizontal, flushed the sky. Its light became warmth. It enveloped the slumbering form.

Gilliatt moved not. If he breathed, it was only that feeble respiration which could scarcely tarnish the surface of a mirror.

The sun continued its ascent, its rays striking less and less obliquely upon the naked man. The gentle breeze, which had been merely tepid, became hot.

The rigid and naked body remained still without movement, but the skin seemed less livid.

The sun, approaching the zenith, shone almost perpendicularly upon the plateau of the Douvres. A flood of light descended from the heavens; the vast reflection from the glassy sea increased its splendor: and the rock itself imbibed the rays and warmed the sleeper.

A sigh raised his breast.

He lived.

The sun continued its gentle offices. The wind, which was already the breath of summer and of noon, approached him like loving lips that breathed upon him softly.

Gilliatt moved.

The peaceful calm upon the sea was perfect. Its murmur was like the droning of the nurse beside the sleeping infant. The rock seemed cradled in the waves.

The sea-birds, who knew that form, fluttered above it; not with their old, wild astonishment, but with a sort of fraternal tenderness. They uttered plaintive cries — they seemed to be calling to him. A sea-mew, who no doubt knew him, was tame enough to come near him. It began to caw as if speaking to him. The sleeper seemed not to hear. The bird hopped upon his shoulder, and pecked his lips softly.

Gilliatt opened his eyes.

The birds dispersed, chattering wildly.

Gilliatt arose, stretched himself like a roused lion, ran to the edge of the platform, and looked down into the space between the two Douvres.

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The sloop was there, intact; the stoppage had held out; the sea had probably disturbed it but little.

All was saved.

He was no longer weary. His powers had returned. His swoon had ended in a deep sleep.

He descended and baled out the sloop, emptied the hold, raised the leakage above the water-line, dressed himself, ate, drank some water, and was joyful.

The gap in the side of his vessel, examined in broad daylight, proved to require more labor than he had thought. It was a serious fracture. The entire day was too long for its repair.

At daybreak on the morrow, after removing the barrier and re-opening the entrance to the defile, dressed in the tattered clothing which had served to stop the leak, having about him Clubin's girdle and the seventy-five thousand francs, standing erect in the sloop, now repaired, by the side of the machinery which he had rescued, with a favorable breeze and a good sea, Gilliatt pushed off from the Douvres.

He put the sloop's head for Guernsey.

At the moment of his departure from the rocks, any one who had been there might have heard him singing in an undertone the air of "Bonny Dundee." *Victor Hugo.*

The Singer.

In this world, so wide and lonesome,
One dear friend have I,—
One whose loving presence cheers me
Under every sky:
Never care, nor pain, nor sorrow
Comes when she is nigh;—
Who so blest as I?

She has neither wealth nor station,
Gems nor precious things;
She has only long, fair tresses,
And most glorious wings;
She can neither strive nor labor:
What of that? she sings,—
Wondrously she sings!

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Once, as wearily we wandered
  Over moor and plain,
Up the hill and down the valleys,
  In the sun and rain,
Said I, softly "Let some other
  Hear this marvelous strain,
  Else you sing in vain.

"Sing until the deaf ones listen,—
  Sing and win a name;
Sing till human hearts, awakened,
  Yield you all you claim;—
Sing and make the worldlings wonder,
  Angel, sing for Fame!
  Prithee sing for Fame!"

Then she tried a simple measure,
  Faint and quivering;
But her sweet voice failed and trembled
  Till, poor timid thing!
All the wise ones sneered and whispered,
  And she would not sing,—
  No, she would not sing.

Then I said, "We two are friendless,
  Poor and unconsoled;
I am growing sad and hungry,
  Weary, faint, and cold;
Since you will not sing for Glory,
  Angel, sing for Gold,—
  Prithee sing for Gold!"

So the throng stood still and listened
  With expectant ears;
But the sweet-voiced singer faltered,
  Full of doubts and fears,
And the soul-enchanting music
  Failed in sobs and tears,—
  Bitter sobs and tears!

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"Fairer than a morning blossom,
Gentler than a dove,
Purer than the sky when Hesper
Bears his brow above,—
Since you crave not Gold nor Glory,
Angel, sing for Love,—
Prithee sing for Love!"

Then she sang, O most divinely!
With no pause or fear,—
Sang until the best and proudest
Lent an eager ear:
But the true soul of her music
Only one can hear,—
One alone can hear!

Florence Percy.

Dannecker.

"I grow old," said he, looking from his work to the bust of the late queen, which stood opposite. "I have carved the effigies of three generations of poets, and as many of princes. Twenty years ago I was at work on the tomb of the Duke of Oldenburg, and now I am at work upon *hers* who gave me that order. All die away: soon I shall be left alone. Of my early friends none remain but Goethe. I shall die before him, and perhaps he will write my epitaph." He spoke with a smile, not foreseeing that he would be the survivor.

Three years after, I again paid Dannecker a visit, but a change had come over him; his feeble, trembling hand could no longer grasp the mallet or guide the chisel; his eyes were dim; his fine benevolent countenance wore a childish, vacant smile, now and then crossed by a gleam of awakened memory or thought — and yet he seemed so perfectly happy! He walked backwards and forwards, from his Christ to his bust of Schiller, with an unwearied self-complacency, in which there was something mournful, and yet delightful. While I sat looking at the magnificent head of Schiller, the original of the multifarious casts and copies which are dispersed through all Germany, he sat down beside me, and taking my hands

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between his own, which trembled with age and nervous emotion, he began to speak of his friend. "Nous etions amis des l'enfance; aussi j'y ai travaille´ avec amour, avec douleur — on ne peut pas plus faire." He then went on —"When Schiller came to Louisberg, he sent to tell me that he was very ill — that he should not live very long, and that he wished me to execute his bust. It was the first wish of my heart. I went immediately. When I entered the house, I found a lady sitting on the *canape´* — it was Schiller's wife, and I did not know her; but she knew me. She said, 'Ah! you are Dannecker! — Schiller expects you;' then she ran into the next room, where Schiller was lying down on a couch, and in a moment after he came in, exclaiming as he entered, 'Where is he? where is Dannecker!' That was the moment — the expression I caught — you see it here — the head raised, the countenance full of inspiration, and affection, and bright hope! I told him that to keep up this expression he must have some of his best friends to converse with him while I took the model, for I could not talk and work too. O if I could but remember what glorious things then fell from those lips! Sometimes I stopped in my work — I could not go on — I could only listen." And here the old man wept; then suddenly changing his mood, he said —"But I must cut off that long hair; he never wore it so; it is not in the fashion, you know!" I begged him for Heaven's sake not to touch it; he then, with a sad smile, turned up the sleeve of his coat and showed me his wrist, swelled with the continual use of his implements —"You see I *cannot!*" And I could not help wishing, at the moment, that while his mind was thus enfeebled, no transient return of physical strength might enable him to put his wild threat in execution. What a noble bequest to posterity is the effigy of a great man, when executed in such a spirit as this of Schiller! I assure you I could not look at it without feeling my heart "overflow in silent worship" of moral and intellectual power, till the deification of great men in old times appeared to me rather religion than idolatry. I have been affected in the same manner by the busts of Goethe, Scott, Homer, Milton, Howard, Newton; never by the painted portraits of the same men however perfect in resemblance and admirable in execution.

Mrs. Jameson.

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The Vision of Sir Launfal.

I.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green;
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives,
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Every thing is happy now,
  Every thing is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
  'Tis the natural way of living:
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
  And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
  In search of the Holy Grail;

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Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle-alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

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As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
  He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

II.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting in every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly.
But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
    And rattles and wrings
    The icy strings,

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Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was —"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he wrecked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree;
Thou also has had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—

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And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,— this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,

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This water his blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we *give*, but what we *share*,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives *himself* with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there is no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

Note. — According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it.

James R. Lowell.

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Pan.

I.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river.

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep cool bed of the river
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
  (How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
  In holes, as he sate by the river.

V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
  (Laughed while he sate by the river,)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
  He blew in power by the river.

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VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Mrs. Browning.

Footsteps on the Other Side.

Sitting in my humble doorway,
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult
With a kind of sad delight—
Wait I for the loved who comes not,
One whose step I long to hear;
One who, though he lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.
Soft! he comes—now heart be quick—
Leaping in triumphant pride!
Oh! it is a stranger footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

All the night seems filled with weeping,
Winds are wailing mournfully;
And the rain-tears together
Journey to the restless sea.
I can fancy, sea, your murmur,
As they with your waters flow,
Like the griefs of single beings,
Making up a nation's woe!

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Branches, bid your guests be silent;
Hush a moment, fretful rain;
Breeze, stop sighing — let me listen,
God grant not again in vain!
In my cheek the blood is rosy,
Like the blushes of a bride.
Joy! alas! a stranger footstep
Goes on by the other side.

Ah! how many wait forever
For the steps that do not come!
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home!
Many in the still of midnight
In the streets have lain and died,
While the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

Death of Little Nell.

From "*The Old Curiosity Shop.*"

By little and little, the old man drew back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,—

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that — never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her — I never had — I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, — not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered, — followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise, but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

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Her couch was dressed with, here and there, some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. This was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still, dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he passed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast — the garden she had tended — the eyes she had gladdened — the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour — the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday — could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on her cheek, and give his tears free vent — "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

Dickens.

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Auction Extraordinary.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter:
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry,
The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use —
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue:
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and a trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to day:"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?
In a twink, every maiden responded, "I — I."
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice:
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Lucretia Davidson.

The Coquette.

A PORTRAIT.

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

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"She's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now none of your joking, — but try
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you as well as I can
That wonderful thing a Coquette.

She wears a most beautiful face
(Of course! — said the pretty Lisette),
And is n't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

And then she is daintily made
(A smile from the dainty Lisette)
By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

She's the winningest ways with the beaux
(Go on! — said the winning Lisette),
But there is n't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

She knows how to weep and to sigh
(A sigh from the tender Lisette),
But her weeping is all in my eye, —
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

In short, she's a creature of art
(O hush! — said the frowning Lisette),
With merely the ghost of a heart, —
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

And yet I could easily prove
(Now don't! — said the angry Lisette),
The lady is always in love, —
In love with herself, — the Coquette!

There, — do not be angry! — you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago
To paint *you* — a thorough Coquette!" *Saxe.*

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Will the New Year Come To-night, Mamma?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? I'm tired of waiting so,
My stocking hung by the chimney side full three long days ago.
I run to peep within the door, by morning's early light,
'Tis empty still — Oh, say, mamma, will the New Year come to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? the snow is on the hill,
The ice must be two inches thick upon the meadow rill.
I heard you tell papa last night, his son must have a sled
(I did n't mean to hear, mamma), and a pair of skates you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma, O, I shall be full of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school will all be envying me;
But I'll give them toys, and lend them books, and make their New Year glad,
For God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks are bad.

And won't you let me go, mamma, upon the New Year's day,
And carry something nice and warm to poor old widow Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door, within the garden gate,—
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? it seems so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my sleep,
My stocking hung so full, I thought — mamma, what makes you weep?
But it only held a little shroud — a shroud and nothing more:
An open coffin — open for me — was standing on the floor.

It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find such gifts instead
Of all the toys I wished so much, the story-book and sled:
But while I wondered what it meant, you came with tearful joy
And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first; God calleth thee my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma, I know, it must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do when I am laid to rest,—
And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your breast.

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The New Year comes to-night, mamma,—your cold hand on my cheek,
And raise my head a little more — it seems so hard to speak;
You need not fill my stocking now, I cannot go and peep,
Before to-morrow's sun is up, I'll be so sound asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the sled;
But won't you give them both to Blake, who hurt me on my head?
He used to hide my books away, and tear the pictures too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried to do.

And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-book and slate,
To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you would not let me hate;
And, dear mamma, you won't forget, upon the New Year day,
The basket full of something nice for poor old widow Gray.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, it seems so very soon,
I think God did n't hear me ask for just another June;
I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and made you too much care,
And may be for your sake, mamma, He does n't hear my prayer.

It cannot be; but you will keep the summer flowers green,
And plant a few — don't cry, mamma — a very few I mean,
When I'm asleep, I'd sleep so sweet beneath the apple tree,
Where you and robin, in the morn, may come and sing to me.

The New Year comes—good-night, mamma — "I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord" — tell poor papa — "my soul to keep;
If I" — how cold it seems — how dark — kiss me, I cannot see —
The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year—dies with me.

Cora M. Eager.

Marion Moore.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone, like the bird in the autumn that singeth;
Gone, like the flower by the way-side that springeth;
Gone, like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on the storm-beaten shore.

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Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing;
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing;
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing:
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore;
I shall remember, alas! to regret thee!
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone, as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow,
O! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore.

James G. Clark.

The Well of St. Keyne.

There is a well in Cornwall, the water of which possesses rare virtues. If the husband drinks first after the marriage, he gets the mastery for life, and *vice versa*.

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There's not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

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He drank of the water, so cold and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he;
"For an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an' if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger made reply;
"But why should she be the better for that,
I pray you, answer why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

'But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then;"
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

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"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said;
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

Robert Southey, 1798.

Thank God! there's still a Vanguard.

Thank God! there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right!
Though the throng flock to rearward,
Lifting, ashen white,
Flags of truce to sin and error,
Clasping hands, mute with terror,
Thank God! there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right.

Through the wilderness advancing,
Hewers of the way;
Forward far their spears are glancing,
Flashing back the day:
"Back!" the leaders cry, who fear them;
"Back!" from all the army near them;
They, with steady tread advancing,
Cleave their certain way.

Slay them—from each drop that falleth
Springs a hero armed:
Where the martyr's fire appalleth,
Lo! they pass unharmed:
Crushed beneath thy wheel, Oppression,
How their spirits hold possession,
How the dross-purged voice out-calleth,
By the death-throes warmed!

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Thank God! there's still a vanguard
  Fighting for the right!
Error's legions know their standard,
  Floating in the light;
When the league of sin rejoices,
Quick outring the rallying voices.
Thank God! there's still a vanguard
  Fighting for the right!

Mrs. H. E. G. Arey

Through Death to Life.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
  Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
  It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
  Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
  Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant
  That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
  As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
  In the place where it falls on the ground;
And, fast as they drop from the dying stem,
  Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
  The Arab's Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes,
  Where the birds that live lonely are?

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Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O prince of the noble! O sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Harry Harbaugh.

Minnie an' Me.

The following little poem is full of genuine feeling as well as of poetic beauty. You can almost see the wee thing as she follows her grandfather over the fields, cheering his loneliness with the music of her childish prattle, or at night toying with his white locks and "keeking" through his spectacles.

The spring time had come; we were sowing the corn;
When Minnie—wee Minnie—my Minnie was born;
She came when the sweet blossoms burst for the bee,
An' a sweet bud of beauty was Minnie to me.

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The harvest was ower, an' yellow the leaf,
When Mary, my daughter, was smitten wi' grief;
O, little thought I my dear Mary wad dee,
An' leave as a blessing wee Minnie to me.

Her hair's like the lang trailing tresses o' night;
Her face is the dawn o' day, rosy and bright;
Sae bashfu', sae thoughtfu', yet cheery an' free;
She just is a wonder my Minnie to me.

Her smile is sae sweet, an' sae glancin' her een,
They bring back the face o' my ain bonny Jean,
Mair clear than the linties that sing on the tree
Is the voice o' my Minnie when singing to me.

For mony long years I'd been doiting alane,
When Minnie reveal'd the old feelings again;
In the barn or the byre, on the hill or the lea,
My bonnie wee Minnie is seldom frae me.

Wherever she moves she lets slip a wee crumb,
To beasties or birdies, the helpless and dumb;
How she feeds them, and leads, it's bonny to see;
Oh! a lesson o' loving is Minnie to me.

Whenever she hears my slow step on the floor,
She stands wi' her han' on the sneck o' the door,
An' welcomes me ben wi' a face fu' o' glee,
O nane are sae happy as Minnie an' me.

She trots to the corner, an' sets me a chair,
She plays wi' my haffets, and cames down my hair;
Or keeks through my speck, as she sits on my knee;
O were 't not for Minnie, I think I wad dee.

But I 'll nae talk o' deeing while work 's to be done,
But potter about, or sit still in the sun;
Till Providence pleases my spirit to free,
Oh! nae power shall sever my Minnie frae me.

Francis Bennoch.

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My Darling's Shoes.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty in the closet laid away;
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting till I see,
It is a little half-worn shoe not large enough for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

O little feet, that wearied not, I wait for them no more,
For *I am drifting on the tide*, but *they* have *reached the shore;*
And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so old,
They walk unsandalled in the streets that pearly gates enfold·
And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say,
"God bless the little feet that now surely cannot stray."

And while I am thus standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be,—
Two little faces lifted, with their sweet and tender eyes,
Ah, me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air;
There 's nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear

Oh! the bitterness of parting can ne'er be done away
Till I see my darlings walking where their feet can never stray.
When I no more am drifting upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side;
Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way,
For the little feet, in the golden street, can never go astray.

Unwritten Music.

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake; and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping, though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle, and divide, and strengthen the passages of its great anthem; and it is still melody,—melody.

The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness were linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful

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player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all; and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you, in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn.

There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky; and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of wind and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying (which, just before death becomes always exquisitely acute), the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from the close shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other.

The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death, in the very places he mentioned) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practiced eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but part of a melody that reaches to the very center of God's illimitable spheres.

Willis

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The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day;
Her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main;—
"I pray thee put into yonder port
For I fear the hurricane."

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
But the skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither; my little daughter
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

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He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast,
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring
O say! what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say! what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O father, I see a gleaming light;
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be —
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land,
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from the deck.

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She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove—and sank,
"Ho! Ho!" the breakers roared.

At day-break on a bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

Longfellow.

God.

The following poem is a translation from the Russian. It has been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Three-in-One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

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In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep — may count
The sands or the sun's rays — but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure;—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high —
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,
First chaos, then existence; — Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; — all
Sprung forth from Thee; — of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; — all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine around the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Pyres of crystal light —
A glorious company of golden streams —
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright —
Suns lighting systems with their joyful beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost; —
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?

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And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am *I* then? Naught!
Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!
Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!
The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!
Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in the bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear

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The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source — to Thee — its author there.
O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conception all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence — Being wise and good,
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Derzhavin.

Aunt Kindly.

MISS KINDLY is aunt to every body, and has been so long that none remember to the contrary. The little children love her; she helped their grandmothers to bridal ornaments three-score years ago. Nay, this boy's grandfather found his way to college through her pocket. Generations not her own rise up and call her blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the first start in life. That great fortune — when it was a seed she carried it in her hand. That wide river of reputation ran out of the cup her bounty filled. Now she is old; very old. The little children, who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes, wonder that anybody should ever be so old; or that Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and, like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas they think she is the wife of Saint Nicholas himself, such an advent of blessings is there from her hand. She has helped to lay a blessing in many a poor man's crib.

Now these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; they are remembered in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum her good works are laid up, imperishable in the geology of her character.

It is near noon. She is alone. She has been thoughtful all day, talking inwardly to herself. The family notice it, and say nothing.

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In a chamber, from a private drawer, she takes a little casket, and from thence a book, gilt-edged and clasped; but the clasp is worn, the gilding is old, the binding is faded by long use. Her hands tremble as she opens it. First she reads her own name on the fly-leaf; only her Christian name, "Agnes," and the date. Sixty-eight years ago this day it was written there, in a clear, youthful, clerkly hand — with a little tremble in it, as if the heart beat over it quick. It is a very well worn, dear old Bible. It opens of its own accord at the fourteenth chapter of John. There is a little folded piece of paper there; it touches the first verse and the twenty-seventh. She sees neither; she reads both out of her soul; "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me." "Peace I leave with you. My peace give I unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." She opens the paper. There is a little brown dust in it; perhaps the remnant of a flower. She takes the precious relic in her hand, made cold by emotion. She drops a tear on it, and the dust is transfigured before her eyes; it is a red rose of the spring, not quite half blown, dewy fresh. She is old no longer. It is not Aunt Kindly now; it is sweet Agnes, as the maiden of eighteen was eight-and-sixty years ago, one day in May, when all nature was woosome and winning, and every flower-bell rung in the marriage of the year. Her lover had just put that red rose of the spring into her hand, and the good God another in her cheek, not quite half-blown, dewy fresh. The young man's arm is round her; her brown curls fall on his shoulder; she feels his breath on her face, his cheek on hers; their lips join, and, like two morning dew-drops in that rose, their two loves rush into one. But the youth must wander to a far land. They will think of each other as they look at the North Star. She bids him take her Bible. He saw the North Star hang over the turrets of many a foreign town. His soul went to God — there is as straight a road from India as from any other spot — and his Bible came back to her — the divine love in it, without the human lover; the leaf turned down at the blessed words of John, first and twenty-seventh of the fourteenth chapter. She put the rose there to note the spot; what marks the thought holds now the symbol of their youthful love. Now to-day her soul is with him, her maiden soul with his angel soul; and one day the two, like two dew-drops, will rush into one immortal wedlock, and the old age of earth shall become eternal youth in the Kingdom of Heaven.

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The Great Bell Roland.

Toll! Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke;
And all that slept in Ghent awoke!
What meant the thunder stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet,
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold!
And every arm could bend a bow!
So acted men
Like patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill!
Then toll! and let thy test
Try each man's breast,
And let him stand confest.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower;
Not now at midnight hour;
Not now from river Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
But here,—this side the sea!—
Toll here, in broad, bright day!—

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For not by night awaits
A noble foe without the gates.
But perjured friends within betray,
And do the deed at noon!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Thy sound is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from East to West,
Till every hero's breast
Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage-wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun!
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall!
Toll! Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and hall
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
Amen! So God hath willed!
And may His grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom now is safe in Ghent!
And merrier bells now ring,
And in the land's serene content,
Men shout "God save the King!"
Until the skies are rent!
So let it be!
A kingly king is he
Who keeps his people free!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!

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No longer They but We
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Nor ever let thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
From Northern lake to Southern strand!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Shall clasp once more each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Theodore Tilton.

The Young Gray Head.

I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,
There 'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar?
It's brewing up, down westward; and look there!
One of those sea gulls! ay, there goes a pair;
And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on
As threats, the water will be out anon.
That path by the ford is a nasty bit of way,
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children join in this request; but the mother resolves that they shall set out — the two girls, Lizzie and Jenny, the one five, the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so —
One last fond kiss —
"God bless my little maids," the father said,
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

Prepared for their journey they depart, with the mother's admonition to the elder —
"Now, mind and bring
Jenny safe home," the mother said. "Don't stay

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To pull a bough or berry by the way;
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you're quite past;
That plank is so crazy, and so slippery,
If not overflowed the stepping stones will be;
But you're good children — steady as old folk,
I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzie's cloak
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied,
And amply little Jenny's lack supplied
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
"To wrap it round, and knot it carefully,
(Like this) when you come home — just leaving free
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away —
Good will to school and then good right to play."

The mother watches them with foreboding, though she knows not why. In a little while the threatened storm sets in. Night comes, and with it comes the father from his daily toil — There's a treasure hidden in his hat —
A plaything for his young ones, he has found —
A dormouse nest; the living ball coil'd round
For its long winter sleep; all his thought
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
And graver Lizzie's quieter surprise,
When he should yield, by guess and kiss and prayer,
Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

No little faces greet him as wont at the threshold; and to his hurried question —
"Are they come?" — t'was "no,"
To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
The old crack'd lantern from its dusty nook
And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word
That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,—
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbor goes with him, and the faithful dog follows the children's tracks.

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"Hold the light
Low down, he's making for the water. Hark!
I know that whine; the old dog's found them, Mark;"
So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot bridge. It was gone!
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black, void, and dark swollen stream below;
"Yet there's life somewhere — more than Tinker's whine —
That's sure," said Mark. "So, let the lantern shine
Down yonder. There's the dog — and hark!"
"O dear!"
And a low sob come faintly on the ear,
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down quick as thought,
Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something — a dark huddled heap —
Half in the water, where 'twas scarce knee deep
For a tall man; and half above it propped
By some old ragged side-piles that had stop't
Endways the broken plank when it gave way
With the two little ones, that luckless day!
"My babes! my lambkins!" was the father's cry,
One little voice made answer, "Here am I;"
'Twas Lizzy's. There she crouched with face as white,
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern light,
Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips drawn tight,
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Washed by the turbid waters, fix'd like stone —
One arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown,
Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.
There she lay drown'd.
They lifted her from out her watery bed —
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied
Leaving that free about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction — "fast and warm,"
Too well obeyed — too fast! A fatal hold,

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Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold
That caught and pinned her to the river's bed.
While through the reckless water overhead,
Her life breath bubbled up.
"She might have lived,
Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
The wretched mother's heart when she heard all,
"But for my foolishness about that shawl."
'Who says I forgot?
Mother! indeed, indeed I kept fast hold,
And tied the shawl quite close — she
Can't be cold —
But she won't move — we slept — I don't know how —
But I held on, and I'm so weary now —
And its so dark and cold! Oh dear! oh dear!
And she won't move — if father were but here!"
All night long from side to side she turn'd,
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
With now and then the murmur "She won't move,"
And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
Shone on that pillow — passing strange the sight,
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!

Mrs. Southey

The Suliote Mother.

She stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky;
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines?
Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from my mother's arms with joy?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

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For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son;
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?—
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swell'd the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?—
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
Free, and how cherish'd, my warrior's son!
He, too, hath bless'd thee, as I have done!
Aye, and unchain'd must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore;—
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!

Hemans.

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Sandalphon.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the ferver and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

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It is but a legend I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing,
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

Longfellow.

The Soldier's Reprieve.

Arranged by Mr. C. W. Sanders for the Union Fifth Reader.

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said, — only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!

"'I should be ashamed, father!' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm,' — and he held it out so

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proudly before me,—'for my country, when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!'

"'Go, then, go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one ad noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. 'It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:—

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can not now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother, I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, every body else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until — well, until it was too late."

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"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve,—given to me by circumstances,—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Savior in a better — better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said solemnly, — "Amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me, — but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her: no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every

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minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes, and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or — wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

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"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised!"

N. Y. Observer.

The Cynic.

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes — openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

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It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject then the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

H. W. Beecher.

The Drummer's Bride.

Hollow-eyed and pale at the window of a jail,
Thro' her soft disheveled hair, a maniac did stare, stare, stare!
At a distance, down the street, making music with their feet,
Came the soldiers from the wars, all embellished with their scars,
To the tapping of a drum, of a drum;
To the pounding and the sounding of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

The woman heaves a sigh, and a fire fills her eye.
When she hears the distant drum, she cries, "Here they come! here they come!"
Then, clutching fast the grating, with eager, nervous waiting,
See, she looks into the air, through her long and silky hair,
For the echo of a drum, of a drum;
For the cheering and the hearing of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

And nearer, nearer, nearer, comes, more distinct and clearer,
The rattle of the drumming; shrieks the woman, "He is coming,
He is coming now to me; quick, drummer, quick, till I see!"
And her eye is glassy bright, while she beats in mad delight
To the echo of a drum, of a drum;
To the rapping, tapping, tapping of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

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Now she sees them, in the street, march along with dusty feet,
As she looks through the spaces, gazing madly in their faces;
And she reaches out her hand, screaming wildly to the band;
But her words, like her lover, are lost beyond recover,
'Mid the beating of a drum, of a drum;
'Mid the clanging and the banging of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

So the pageant passes by, and the woman's flashing eye
Quickly loses all its stare, and fills with a tear, with a tear;
As, sinking from her place, with her hands upon her face,
"Hear!" she weeps and sobs as wild as a disappointed child;
Sobbing, "He will never come, never come!
Now nor ever, never, never, will he come
With his drum, with his drum, with his drum! drum, drum, drum!"

Still the drummer, up the street, beats his distant, dying beat,
And she shouts, within her cell, "Ha! they're marching down to hell,
And the devils dance and wait at the open iron gate:
Hark! it is the dying sound, as they march into the ground,
To the sighing and the dying of the drum!
To the throbbing and the sobbing of the drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!"

The Isle of Long Ago.

O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There 's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There 's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

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And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
  And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow —
There are heaps of dust — but we loved them so! —
  There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant's prayer;
There 's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
  And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
  All the day of our life till night —
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
  May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

B. F. Taylor.

Excelsior!

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
  "Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
  "Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
  "Excelsior!"

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"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent's deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"—
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star —
"Excelsior!"

Longfellow.

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Poor Little Jim.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him,
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear.
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him — the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

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The Dawn of Redemption.

See them go forth like the floods to the ocean,
  Gathering might from each mountain and glen,—
Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
  Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men:
Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,
  Groan, as they gaze from their crimes to the sky:—
"Father the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
  When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

"Look on us, wanderers, sinful and lowly,
  Struggling with grief and temptation below;
Thine is the goodness o'er every thing holy,—
  Thine is the mercy to pity our woe,—
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us,
  Spotless and pure as the angels on high:—
Father! the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
  When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden,
  Lovers of mammon, and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
  Lifting their souls to that one mighty name:—
"Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
  On the broad waters the black shadows lie,—
Father! the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
  When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depths of futurity's ocean
  Heave with Jehovah's mysterious breath;
Why should we shrink from the billows' commotion?
  Jesus is walking the waters of death.
Angels are mingling with men in the chorus,—
  Rising, like incense, from earth to the sky:—
"Father! the billows grow brighter before us,
  Heaven with its mansions eternal draws nigh."

James G. Clark.

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The Bell.

A selection of prose poetry, written during the late war.

The Roman knight who rode, "all accoutred as he was," into the gulf, and the hungry forum closed upon him, and was satisfied, slew, in his own dying, that great Philistine, Oblivion, which, sooner or later, will conquer us all.

We never thought, when we used to read his story, that the grand classic tragedy of patriotic devotion would be a *thousand times* repeated in our own day and presence; that the face of the neighbor, who had walked by our side all the while, should be transfigured, in the twinkling of an eye, like the face of an angel; that the old gods, who thundered in Greek and lightened in Latin, should stand aside while common men, of plain English speech, upon whose shoulders we had laid a familiar hand, should keep in motion the machinery of the grandest epic of the world — the war for the American Union.

But there is an old story that always charmed us more:

In some strange land and time — for so the story runs — they were about to found a bell for a midnight tower — a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs, "The king is dead;" and make glad clamor for the new prince, "Long live the king." It should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride, that either would be worship, or wanting these, forever hold its peace. Now this bell was not to be dug out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed by a human touch and loved with a human love; and so the people came, like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into the furnace, and went away. There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes' hands; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold; trinkets of silver and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame, good words they had written and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell. And by and by, the bell was alone in its chamber, and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of heaven. For many a day it hung dumb. The winds came and went, but they only set it sighing; the birds came and sang under its eaves, but it was an iron

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horizon of dead melody still: all the meaner strifes and passions of men rippled on below it; they outgroped the ants and outwrought the bees and outwatched the shepherds of Chaldea, but the chambers of the bell were as dumb as the cave of Macpelah.

At last there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth, and stood shoulder to shoulder over all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest of death; looked in the graves of them that slept, and believed there was something grander than living; glanced on into the far future, and discovered there was something bitterer than dying; and so, standing between the quick and the dead, they acquitted themselves like men. Then the bell awoke in its chamber, and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out and broke along the blue walls of the world like an anthem; and every tone in it was familiar as an household word to somebody, and he heard it and knew it with a solemn joy. Poured into that fiery heart together, the humblest gifts were blent in one great wealth, and accents, feeble as a sparrow's song, grew eloquent and strong; and lo! a people's stately soul heaved on the waves of a mighty voice.

We thank God, in this our day, for the furnace and the fire; for the offerings of gold, and the trinkets of silver, and the broken links of iron; for the good sword and the true word; for the great triumph and the little song. We thank God for the loyal Ruths, who have taken up the words of their elder sister and said to the Naomi of a later time, "Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." By the memory of the Ramah, into which rebellion has turned the land; for the love of the Rachels now lamenting within it; for the honor of heaven and the hope of mankind, let us who stand here — past and present, clasping hands over our heads, the broad age dwindled to a line beneath our feet, and bridged with the graves of dead martyrs — let us declare before God and these witnesses—

> We will finish the work that the fathers began;
> Then those to their sleeping,
> And these to their weeping,
> And one faith and one flag, for the Federal Union.
>
> *B. F. Taylor.*

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Declaration of Independence.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that, among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his

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assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation;

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

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For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves, by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring, on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us

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We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day."—*Deut.* xxxiv: 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there

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That was the grandest funeral
  That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
  Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the day-light
  Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
  Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
  Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
  Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
  Still shuns the hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

Lo when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
  Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
  With costly marble dressed,

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In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave, —

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — O wondrous thought! —
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace, —
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well. *Mrs. Alexander.*

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The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope

From the Honeymoon.

Duke. You are welcome home.
Jul. Home! You are merry; this retired spot
Would be a palace for an owl!
Duke. 'Tis ours.—
Jul. Ay, for the time we stay in it.
Duke. By Heaven,
This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!
Jul. This!—You are not in earnest, though you bear it
With such a sober brow.—Come, come, you jest.
Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,
We should have none, wife.
Jul. Are you serious, sir?
Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.
Jul. No duke?

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Duke. But of my own creation, lady.
Jul. Am I betrayed? Nay, do not play the fool!
It is too keen a joke.
Duke. You'll find it true.
Jul. You are no duke, then?
Duke. None.
Jul. Have I been cozened?
And have you no estate, sir?
No palaces, nor houses?
Duke. None but this:—
A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.
Jul. Nor money, nor effects?
Duke. None that I know of.
Jul. And the attendants who have waited on us—
Duke. They were my friends; who, having done my business,
Are gone about their own.
Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear.—
That I was ever born!—What are you, sir?
Duke. I am an honest man—that may content you.
Young, nor ill-favour'd—should not that content you?
I am your husband, and that must content you.
Jul. I will go home!
Duke. You are at home, already.
Jul. I'll not endure it!—But remember this—
Duke, or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir!
Duke. A duchess! You shall be a queen,—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will call you so.
Jul. And I will have attendance!
Duke. So you shall,
When you have learned to wait upon yourself.
Jul. To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!
Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow again.—
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife
(For such my would-be duchess, you will find me).
You were cut out by nature.
Jul You will find, then,

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That education, sir, has spoilt me for it. —
Why! do you think I'll work?
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.
Jul. What! Rub and scrub
Your noble palace clean?
Duke. Those taper fingers
Will do it daintily.
Jul. And dress your victuals
(If there be any)? — Oh! I could go mad!
Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly:
Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to —
Jul. Or like a clock, talk only once an hour?
Duke. Or like a dial; for that quietly
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.
Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs! — Oh, monstrous!
And when I stir abroad, on great occasions
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;
Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot
To sell your eggs and butter!
Duke. Excellent!
How well you sum the duties of a wife!
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!
Jul. A blessing!
Duke. When they talk of you and me,
Darby and Joan shall no more be remembered:—
We shall be happy!
Jul. Shall we?
Duke. Wondrous happy!
Oh, you will make an admirable wife!
Jul. I will make a vixen.
Duke. What?
Jul. A very vixen.
Duke. Oh, no! We'll have no vixens.
Jul. I'll not bear it!
I'll to my father's! —
Duke. Gently: you forget
You are a perfect stranger to the road.
Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

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Duke. Softly!
You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.
Jul. What, confine me?
Duke. 'T would be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.
Jul. Am I a truant schoolboy?
Duke. Nay, not so;
But you must keep your bounds.
Jul. And if I break them
Perhaps you 'll beat me. —
Duke. Beat you!
The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward —
I 'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.
Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father
I may write to him, surely! — And I will —
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such unhoped-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.
Duke. You will find them
In the next room. — A word, before you go —
You are my wife, by every tie that 's sacred;
The partner of my fortune —
Jul. Your fortune!
Duke. Peace! — No fooling, idle woman!
Beneath th' attesting eye of Heaven I 've sworn
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.
No human power can part us. What remains, then?
To fret, and worry and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars? —
Or, like a loving and a patient pair
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend
Upon their daily labor for support),
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment? —
Now to your chamber — write whate'er you please;

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But pause before you stain the spotless paper,
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

Jul. Why, what a patient worm you take me for!

Duke. I took you for a wife; and ere I 've done,
I 'll know you for a good one.

Jul. You shall know me
For a right woman, full of her own sex;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger:
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man,
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge! [*Exit.*

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on!
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb. — I 've broke the ice, however. —
Write to her father! — She may write a folio —
But if she send it! — 'T will divert her spleen, —
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting.
Perchance she may have fits! — They are seldom mortal,
Save when the Doctor's sent for. —
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,
A woman's honor is her safest guard,
Yet there 's some virtue in a lock and key.
So, thus begins our honeymoon. — 'T is well!
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,
She 'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April she may wear a changeful face
Of storm and sunshine: and when that is past,
She will break glorious as unclouded May;
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms
Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness. —
Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,
That after to the very lees shall relish;
And to the close of this frail life prolong
The pure delights of a well-governed marriage.

John Tobin.

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When? How? and Why?

When did Johnnie die, birdie —
  When did Johnnie die?
The earth was aglow with blossoms,
  And violets bloomed in the sky.
The scented air was aquiver
  With music of countless birds;
And the beautiful, sunlit river
  Seemed murmuring loving words.
Fair lambs, like breathing lilies,
  Dotted the green hillside;
And earth was filled with beauty,
  When little Johnnie died.

How did Johnnie die, birdie?
  How did Johnnie die?
His dear, blue eyes, that widened
  From long gazing on the sky,
And filled with Heaven's glory,
  All suddenly grew dim.
Ah! well we knew the angels
  Were looking down on him!
Without one glance at us mortals,
  Who knelt in grief by his side,
But with hands outstretched to those angels,
  Our little Johnnie died.

Why died our little Johnnie?
  Does birdie ask me why?
To show how *much* of sorrow
  One may bear, and yet not die.
To lift our faint hearts upward
  To the Gracious One on High,
Who blessed the little children
  When He dwelt beneath the sky;
To make us drop all earth props
  For the hand of the Crucified,
Ah! not in vain, dear birdie,
  Our little Johnnie died!

Grace Brown.

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The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

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The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breaker's roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
"Oh God! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

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But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, —
A sound, as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiend below was ringing his knell.

Robert Southey

Horatius.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.

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The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

They held a council standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat toward him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

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But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods.

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

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And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!

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No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

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But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;

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And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus:
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

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And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the good man mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Macaulay.

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

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"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work —
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, men with sisters dear!
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags;

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That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work
From weary chime to chime;
Work — work — work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset and seam
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand!

"Work — work — work
In the dull December light;
And work — work — work
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

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With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —
  Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Hood.

Athena, the Queen of the Air.

We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it; — *is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into rapture of acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air: on these the gold of the cloud that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena; the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky — all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the

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foam and the sifting of the sea-sand; — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the Spirit of the Air is put into, and upon, this created form; and it becomes, through twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, descending, as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove, to bless.

Ruskin.

The Veto Power.

Mr. President, I protest against the right of any chief to come into either House of Congress, and scrutinize the motives of its members; to examine whether a measure has been passed with promptitude or repugnance; and to pronounce upon the willingness or unwillingness with which it has been adopted or rejected. It is an interference in concerns which partakes of a domestic nature. The official and constitutional relations between the President and the two Houses of Congress subsist with them as organized bodies. His action is confined to their consummated proceedings, and does not extend to measures in their incipient stages, during their progress through the Houses, nor to the motives by which they are actuated.

There are some parts of this message that ought to excite deep alarm; and that especially in which the President announces that each public officer may interpret the constitution as he pleases. His language is, "Each public officer who takes an oath to support the constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others." "The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the judges; and on that point the President is independent of both." Now, Mr. President, I conceive, with great deference, that the President has mistaken the purport of the oath to support the constitution of the United States. No one swears to support it as he understands it, but to support it simply as it is in truth. All men are bound to obey the laws, of which the constitution is the supreme; but must they obey them as they are, or as they understand them?

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If the obligation of obedience is limited and controlled by the measure of information; in other words, if the party is bound to obey the constitution only *as he understands it*, what will be the consequence? The judge of an inferior court will disobey the mandate of a superior tribunal, because it is not in conformity to the constitution *as he understands it;* a custom-house officer will disobey a circular from the treasury department, because contrary to the constitution *as he understands it;* an American minister will disregard an instruction from the President, communicated from the department of state, because not agreeable to the constitution *as he understands it;* and a subordinate officer in the army or navy will violate the orders of his superiors, because they are not in accordance with the constitution *as he understands it.*

We shall have nothing settled, nothing stable, nothing fixed. There will be general disorder and confusion throughout every branch of the administration, from the highest to the lowest officer —universal nullification. For, what is the doctrine of the President but that of South Carolina applied throughout the Union? The President independent both of Congress and the Supreme Court! Only bound to execute the laws of the one and the decisions of the other as far as they conform to the constitution of the United States *as he understands it!* Then it should be the duty of every President, on his installation into office, carefully to examine all the acts in the statute book, approved by his predecessors, and mark out those which he is resolved not to execute, and to which he means to apply this new species of veto, because they are repugnant to the constitution *as he understands it.* And, after the expiration of every term of the Supreme Court, he should send for the record of its decisions, and discriminate between those which he will, and those which he will not, execute, because they are or are not agreeable to the constitution *as he understands it.*

Mr. President, we are about to close one of the longest and most arduous sessions of Congress under the present constitution; and when we return among our constituents what account of the operations of their government shall we be bound to communicate? We shall be compelled to say that the Supreme Court is paralyzed, and the missionaries retained in prison in contempt of its authority and in defiance of numerous treaties and laws of the United States;

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that the executive, through the secretary of the Treasury, sent to Congress a tariff bill which would have destroyed numerous branches of our domestic industry; and, to the final destruction of all, that the veto has been applied to the bank of the United States, our only reliance for a sound and uniform currency; that the Senate has been violently attacked for the exercise of a clear constitutional power; that the House of Representatives have been unnecessarily assailed; and that the President has promulgated a rule of action for those who have taken the oath to support the constitution of the United States, that must, if there be practical conformity to it, introduce general nullification and end in the absolute subversion of the government.

Henry Clay.

Marco Bozzaris.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

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An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath:
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance and wine:
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

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But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese.
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thee her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

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His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

The Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly old topers sat once in an inn,
Discussing the merits of brandy and gin;
Said one to the other, "I 'll tell you what, Bill,
I 've been learning to-day of the Teetotal Mill.

"You must know that this comical Mill has been built
Of old broken casks, where the liquor 's been spilt;
You go up some high steps, and when at the sill,
You 've a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

"You promise, by signing this paper (I think),
That ale, wine and spirits you never will drink,
You give up (as they call it) such rascally swill,
And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

"There 's a wheel in this Mill that they call 'self-denial,'
They turn it a bit, just to give you a trial;
Old clothes are made new, and if you 've been ill,
You are very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill."

Bill listened and wondered — at length he cried out,
"Why, Tom, if its true, what you 're telling about,
What fools we must be to be here sitting still,
Let us go and we 'll look at this Teetotal Mill."

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They gazed with astonishment; there came in a man,
With excess and disease his visage was wan;
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with good will,
And went for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.

He quickly came out, the picture of health,
And walked briskly on the highway to wealth;
And, as onward he pressed, he shouted out still,
"Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill."

The next that went in were a man and his wife,
For many long years they 'd been living in strife;
He had beaten her shamefully, swearing he 'd kill,
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal Mill.

And when he came out how altered was he,
Steady, honest, and sober — how happy was she;
They no more contend, "No you shan't;" "Yes I will."
They were blessing together the Teetotal Mill.

Next came a rough fellow, as grim as a Turk,
To curse and to swear seemed his principal work;
He swore that that morning himself he would fill,
And drunk as he was he reeled into the Mill.

And what he saw there, I never could tell,
But his conduct was changed, and his language as well;
I saw, when he turned round the brow of the hill,
That he knelt and thanked God for the Teetotal Mill.

The poor were made rich, the weak were made strong,
The shot was made short, and the purse was made long —
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,
At length they went in for a turn in the Mill.

A little time after, I heard a great shout,
I turned round to see what the noise was about;
A flag was conveyed to the top of the hill,
And a crowd, amongst which were both Thomas and Bill,
Were shouting, "Hurrah for the Teetotal Mill."

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"Little Bennie."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full can be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder,"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid.
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood
Brimming high with dainty custard
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Bennie's blue eyes kindled;
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

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"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit,"
But the door was fastened tight,
So he stood abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames grow higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down the chimney,
Make my Mudder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Bennie,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live oaks,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my playworn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer;
"God bess Fader, God bess Moder,
God bess Sister," then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek,

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And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears. O undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

Annie Chambers Ketchum.

Lady Clare.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And the clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betrothed were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands as broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair,
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God 's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth; you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread;
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

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"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all you can;"
She said, "Not so; but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all you can,"
She said, "Not so; but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear;
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee!"
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here 's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare,
She went by dale and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair

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The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought,
  Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand
  And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower,
  "Lady Clare, you shame your worth,
Why come you drest like a village maid,
  That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
  I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born," she said,
  "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "For I am yours in word and deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up;
  Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes
  And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn,
  He turned and kissed her where she stood.
"If you are not the heiress born,
  And I," said he, "the next of blood

"If you are not the heiress born,
  And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
  And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Tennyson.

The Child on the Judgment Seat.

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
  That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
  But it leaves the spirit glad.

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Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
  Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
  That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine,
  I have sate on the judgment seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
  The children around his feet."

How camest thou on the judgment seat,
  Sweetheart, who set thee there?
'T is a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
  And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment seat myself;
  I have sate there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around,
  Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
  They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruit,
  And they trampled the sweet meek flowers."

And what didst thou on the judgment seat,
  Sweetheart, what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
  Did the garden mend for thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more; I called and I cried,
  But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
  Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah! the judgment seat was not for thee,
  The servants were not thine;
And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame,
  See farther than thine or mine.

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The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweetheart,
Will not strive nor cry to be heard;
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

'Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice (be it as weak as it may),
And not be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat on the judgment seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay! that is saddest of all to me,
That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden plot, sweetheart,
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine,
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next shall copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In thy garden so fair to see,
In the Master's voice of praise to all,
In a look of his own for thee.

By the Author of the "Cotta Family."

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Wanted, a Minister's Wife.

At length we have settled a pastor:
I am sure I cannot tell why
The people should grow so restless,
Or candidates grow so shy;
But after a two years searching
For the "smartest" man in the land,
In a fit of desperation
We took the nearest at hand.

And really, he answers nicely
To "fill up the gap," you know,
To "run the machine," and "bring up arrears,"
And make things generally go;
He has a few little failings,
His sermons are common-place quite,
But his manner is very charming,
And his teeth are perfectly white.

And so, of all the "dear people,"
Not one in a hundred complains,
For beauty and grace of manner
Are so much better than *brains*.
But the parish have all concluded
He needs a partner for life,
To shine a gem in the parlor:
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Wanted, a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life —
Please notice our advertisement:
"Wanted," etc.

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,
Who well to her household looks;
(Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant Irish cooks?)

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Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife;
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:
"Wanted," etc.

A very "domestic person,"
To callers she must not be "out,"
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about:
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings:
"Wanted," etc.

To conduct the "ladies' meeting,"
The "sewing circle" attend;
And when we work for the soldiers,
Her ready assistance to lend.
To clothe the destitute children
When sorrow and want are rife,
And look up Sunday-school scholars:
"Wanted," etc.

Careful to entertain strangers,
Traveling agents, and "such,"
Of this kind of angel visits,
The deacons have had so much
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
And hope these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to the parson's:
"Wanted," etc.

A perfect pattern of prudence,
Than all others spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress;
Playing the organ on Sunday
Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society money:
"Wanted," etc.

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And when we have found the person,
We hope, by working the two,
To lift our debt, and build a new church,
Then we shall know what to do;
For they will be worn and weary,
And we 'll advertise: "Wanted,
A minister and his wife!"

X. Y. Z.

Maist Onie Day.

TIMOTHY SWAN — AGED 73.

Ye ken, dear bairn, that we maun part,
When death, cauld death, shall bid us start,
But when he 'll send his dreadfu' cart
We canna say,
Sa we 'll be ready for his dart
Maist onie Day.

We 'll keep a' right and gude wi' in,
Our work will then be free fra' sin;
Upright we 'll step thro' thick and thin,
Straight on our way;
Deal just wi' a' the prize we 'll win
Maist onie Day.

Ye ken there 's ane wha 's just and wise,
Ha' said that all his bairns should rise
An' soar aboon the lofty skies,
And there shall stay;
Being well prepared, we 'll gain the prize,
Maist onie Day.

When he who made a' things just right
Shall ca' us hence to realms of light,
Be it morn, or noon, or e'en or night,
We will obey,
We 'll be prepared to tak' our flight
Maist onie Day.

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Our lamps we 'll fill brimfu' o' oil
That 's gude an' pure — that will na spoil,
We 'll keep them burnin' a' the while
To light our way,
Our work bein' done we 'll quit the soil
Maist onie Day.

The True Teacher.

I hold the teacher's position second to none. The Christian teacher of a band of children combines the office of the preacher and the parent, and has more to do in shaping the mind and the morals of the community than preacher and parent united. The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child, spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of your office.

Still less have I words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasm, the finest culture, the broadest charities, and the most devoted Christian purpose. Why, sir, a teacher should be the strongest and most angelic man that breathes. No man living is intrusted with such precious material. No man living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune. No man living needs higher qualifications for his work. Are you "fitted for teaching"? I do not ask you this question to discourage you, but to stimulate you to an effort at preparation which shall continue as long as you continue to teach.

Holland.

New Year's Eve.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

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With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom, —
There are parents sitting snugly by firelight in the room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak.
No breath of little whispers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!
Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.
And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way;
There 's no one looked out on her, there 's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curled up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his, —
"How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this?"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart, and the weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there

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The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden — she saw them with her eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried — they will not light;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might:
And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide;
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow — ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn:
And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O Lord?"
The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."

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The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was after that misery.

Gabriel Grub.

In an old abbey town, down in this part of the country, a long, long while ago — there officiated as sexton and grave-digger one Gabriel Grub.

A little before twilight one Christmas eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard, for he had got a grave to finish by next morning; and feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits perhaps, if he went on with his work at once. As he wended his way up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them; he marked the bustling preparations for next day's good cheer, and smelt the numerous savory odors consequent thereupon, as they steamed up from the kitchen windows in clouds. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and as groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals, who crowded round them as they flocked up stairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, thrush, whooping-cough, and a good many other sources of consolation beside.

In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel strode along, returning a short, sullen growl to the good-humoured greetings of such of his neighbors as now and then passed him, until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard. Now he had been looking forward to reaching the dark lane, because it was, generally speaking, a nice gloomy, mournful place, and he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas in this very sanctuary. So Gabriel waited till the boy

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came up, and then dodged him into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, just to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away with his hand to his head singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself, and entered the churchyard, locking the door behind him.

He took off his coat, set down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so, with right good-will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no very easy matter to break it up, and shovel it out; and although there was a moon, it was a very young one, and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other time these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable, but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing, that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave when he had finished work for the night with grim satisfaction, murmuring, as he gathered up his things—

> **"Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,**
> **A few feet of cold earth when life is done.**

"Ho! ho!" laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone, which was a favorite resting-place of his, and drew forth his wicker bottle; "a coffin at Christmas — a Christmas box. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated a voice, which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused in some alarm, in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet than the churchyard in the pale moonlight. The frost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems among the stone carvings of the old church. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up,— all was so cold and still.

"It was the echoes," said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was *not*," said a deep voice.

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Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot, with astonishment and terror; for his eyes rested on a form which made his blood run cold.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long fantastic legs which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed after a quaint fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare, and his hands rested on his knees. On his short round body he wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes; and a short cloak dangled on his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at the toes into long points. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost, and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"It was *not* the echoes," said the goblin.

Gabriel Grub was paralyzed, and could make no reply.

"What do you do here on Christmas eve?" said the goblin sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and churchyards, on such a night as this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round — nothing was to be seen.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands in a churchyard, on such a night as this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton; and then, raising his voice, exclaimed —

"And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?"

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To this inquiry, the invisible chorus replied,—in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the old church organ—a strain that seemed borne to the sexton's ears upon a gentle wind, and to die away as its soft breath passed onward; but the burden of the reply was still the same,—"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

The goblin grinned a broader grin than before, as he said, "Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?"

The sexton gasped for breath.

"It's—it's—very curious, sir, very curious, and very pretty; but I think I'll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please."

"Work!" said the goblin, "what work?"

"The grave, sir: making the grave," stammered the sexton.

"Oh, the grave, eh?" said the goblin; "who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?"

Again the mysterious voices replied, "Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," "I'm afraid my friends want you."

"Under favor, sir," "I don't think they can, sir; they don't know me, sir; I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir."

"Oh, yes they have." "We know the man with the sulky face and the grim scowl that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying-spade the tighter. We know the man that struck the boy, in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him—we know him."

"I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir."

"Leave us!"—"Gabriel Grub going to leave us. Ho! ho! ho!"

As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed for one instant a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church, as if the whole building were lighted up; it disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones, never stopping for an instant to take breath, but overing the highest among them, one after the other, with the most marvelous dexterity. The first goblin was a most astonishing leaper, and none of the others could come near him.

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Even in the extremity of his terror, the sexton could not help observing, that while his friends were content to leap over the common-sized gravestones, the first one took the family-vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street posts.

At last, the game reached to a most exciting pitch; the organ played quicker and quicker, and the goblins leaped faster and faster, coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like foot-balls. The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath him, as the spirits flew before his eyes, when the goblin king, suddenly darted towards him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

When Gabriel Grub had had time to fetch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had, for the moment, taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins, ugly and grim. In the centre of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the churchyard; and close beside him, stood Gabriel Grub himself, without the power of motion.

"Cold, to-night," said the king of the goblins, — "very cold. A glass of something warm, here."

At this command, half a dozen officious goblins, with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers, on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

"Ah!" said the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were quite transparent, as he tossed down the flame, "this warms one indeed; bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub."

It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night; for one of the goblins held him, while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat; and the whole assembly screeched with laughter, as he coughed and choked, and wiped away the tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes, after swallowing the burning draught.

"And now," said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton's eye, and thereby occasioning him the most exquisite pain, — "And now, show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse."

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As the goblin said this, a thick cloud, which obscured the further end of the cavern, rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily-furnished, but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown, and gamboling round her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object. A frugal meal was ready spread upon the table, and an elbow-chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door; the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy, as their father entered. He was wet and weary, and shook the snow from his garments, as the children crowded round him, and, seizing his cloak, hat, stick and gloves, with busy zeal, ran with them from the room. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee, and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bedroom, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him, with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrank back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace, as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an angel, looking down upon them, and blessing them, from a bright and happy heaven.

Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye, as they crowded round the fireside, and told and listened to old stories of earlier and bygone days. Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave, and, soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him to a place of rest and peace. The few who yet survived them knelt by their tomb, and watered the green turf which covered it with their tears; then rose,

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and turned away, sadly and mournfully, but not with bitter cries, or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again; and once more they mixed with the busy world, and their content and cheerfulness were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture, and concealed it from the sexton's view.

"What do you think of *that?*" said the goblin, turning his large face toward Gabriel Grub.

Gabriel murmured out something about its being very pretty, and looked somewhat ashamed, as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

"*You* a miserable man!" said the goblin, in a tone of excessive contempt. "You!" He appeared disposed to add more but indignation choked his utterance; so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and, flourishing it above his head a little, to insure his aim, administered a good sound kick to Gabriel Grub; immediately after which, all the goblins-in-waiting crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy, according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

"Show him some more," said the king of the goblins.

At these words the cloud was again dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view. The sun shone from out the clear blue sky, the water sparkled beneath his rays, and the trees looked greener, and the flowers more gay, beneath his cheerful influence. The water rippled on, with a pleasant sound, the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves, the birds sang upon the boughs, and the lark caroled on high her welcome to the morning. Yes, it was morning, the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. Man walked forth, elated with the scene; and all was brightness and splendor.

"*You* a miserable man!" said the king of the goblins, in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave his leg a flourish; again it descended on the shoulders of the sexton; and again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with

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pain from the frequent applications of the goblin's feet thereunto, looked on with an interest which nothing could diminish. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labor, were cheerful and happy; and that to the most ignorant, the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and, setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decen and respectable sort of a world after all. No sooner had he formed it, than the cloud which had closed over the last picture, seemed to settle on his senses, and lull him to repose. One by one the goblins faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared, he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker bottle lying empty by his side, and his coat, spade, and lantern, well whitened by the last night's frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first seen the goblin seated, stood bolt upright before him, and the grave at which he had worked the night before, was not far off. At first he began to doubt the reality of his adventures; but the acute pain in his shoulders, when he attempted to rise, assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not ideal. He was staggered again, by observing no traces of footsteps in the snow on which the goblins had played at leap-frog with the gravestones; but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that, being spirits, they would leave no visible impression behind them. So Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could for the pain in his back; and brushing the frost off his coat, put it on, and turned his face toward the town.

But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments; and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

The lantern, the spade and the wicker bottle, were found that day in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate at first, but it was speedily determined that he had

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been carried away by the goblins; and there were not wanting some very credible witnesses who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse blind of one eye, with the hind quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. At length all this was devoutly believed; and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious for a trifling emolument, a good-sized piece of the church weathercock which had been accidently kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his ærial flight, and picked up by himself in the churchyard, a year or two afterward.

Unfortunately these stories were somewhat disturbed by the unlooked-for reappearance of Gabriel Grub himself, some ten years afterward, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman, and also to the mayor: and in course of time it began to be received as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to this very day. The believers in the weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once, were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again, so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub's having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone; and they affected to explain what he supposed he had witnessed in the goblin's cavern, by saying he had seen the world and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time, gradually died off; and be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism to the end of his days, this story has at least one moral, if it teach no better one — and that is, that if a man turns sulky and drinks at Christmas time, he may make up his mind to be not a bit the better for it, let the spirits be ever so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof, as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblin's cavern.

Dickens.

Dora.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, "I 'll make them man and wife."

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Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan called his son, and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now, therefore, look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years."

But William answered short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to 't;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again!"

But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her,
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out, he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

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Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It can not be; my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it to them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that 's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that 's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

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But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it on his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly, "This is William's child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that 's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well, — for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."

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Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now, I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him harshness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us.'

So the women kissed
Each other, and set out and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peeped, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:

"O father! — if you let me call you so, —
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O, sir! when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me, —
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus;
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned
His face and passed, — unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

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So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs: —
"I have been to blame — to blame! I have killed my son!
I have killed him, — but I loved him, — my dear son!
May God forgive me! — I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William. — So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

Tennyson.

Revelations of Wall-street.

It proved to be a night of adventure.

I had four avenues to traverse, and the storm coming from the north-east, drove violently in my teeth. I buttoned my overcoat about my ears, settled my hat close over my face, and presenting my head combatively to the tempest, I pushed on. I had in this way crossed from the Eighth to the Sixth Avenue, scarcely conscious of the progress made, when I struck against an object in the middle of the side-walk, and was saluted by the exclamation: "Stop!"

Whatever alarm I experienced was immediately dissipated when I raised my head and got sight of the person who stood in my way. It was a girl, bare-headed, without cloak or shawl; perhaps sixteen years old.

Before I could question her, she exclaimed: 'Mother is dying. Won't you come, quick?'

Without a word being said, for she hurried me on too rapidly for conversation, I followed down the avenue to the next street, and turning into it, went perhaps half a block, when my companion entered a two-story wooden house, and ran rapidly up the stairs to

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the front-room. Here on a bed lay a woman moaning and gasping and exhibiting symptoms resembling epilepsy.

'Do n't be frightened,' I said, 'your mother is not dying — is not going to die.'

— 'Are you sure of that?' said the girl.

Something in the sound of her voice strange and startling — a masculine vigor, coupled with an extraordinary maturity, caused me to turn and regard her. Large black eyes were fixed on me with a firm but unsatisfied look, as if they would say: 'Do not amuse me: I am no child. Tell me the truth.'

To these imaginary observations, rather than to the direct question, I replied: 'I repeat, your mother is not dying, but evidently has had a fit of some kind. Is she subject to such attacks?'

'No!'

She looked at me almost defiantly.

I was at a loss what to say or do when I was relieved by hearing the poor woman, who had regained her consciousness, exclaim, 'Matilda.'

Matilda, with entire composure, went to the bed-side of her mother, who asked what was the matter.

I replied that I believed she had been taken suddenly ill, and her daughter in alarm ran out for aid and met me. 'And now that I am here,' I continued, 'I shall be happy if I can do any thing to relieve you.'

'Give the gentleman a chair, my daughter,' said the sick woman, for although I had shaken the snow from my hat and coat, I was still standing.

The daughter obeyed, and I sat down. Meanwhile I had glanced about the room and taken a closer look at its inmates. The appearance was that of biting poverty without squalidness or misery. The girl was very handsome and well formed, but exhibited in her demeanor no softness — indeed, little that was feminine. When I sat down, she seated herself at the window and looked out on the storm. There was something in the expression of her face which brought back some old association, but what I could not tell. The mother was evidently a lady and possessed of natural refinement and delicacy. She explained to me that she had been very closely at work all day with the needle, and as she was getting into bed

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she had been seized in a most alarming manner, and was for the time insensible. When she recovered she saw me standing over her.

It was the old tale of destitution, hard work, and a final breaking down of a naturally strong constitution. Yes, the familiar story, so much so that the novel-reader who has persevered thus far, in the belief that some extraordinary incident would yet turn up, will exclaim: 'Pshaw! how very stale and common-place this meeting a girl in the street and being conducted up a pair of stairs to a sick-room, and so-forth and so-forth.' To be sure, all this is very common — would it were otherwise, but God permits one class of his creatures to fare sumptuously every day, while another class starves, and the mystery of this we may not undertake to fathom.

The poor lady seemed so nearly recovered that there was nothing to be done for her. I asked if I could render her any assistance, and if she was suffering from any pressing want. She said she was not, and regretted that I should be taken out of my way.

There was no reason why I should stay longer, yet I felt irresistibly impelled to speak to the young girl, who maintained her seat by the window, looking fixedly out of it. I rose to depart. Then I said, turning to her:

'You see I was right, your mother will be quite well by morning.'

She assented by a nod.

'Where were you going when I met you?' I asked.

'I thought mother was dying, and I started to find somebody to come to her. I did not dare stay to see her die.' And she looked again with that expression which had touched me, and which called up a strange feeling, like the memory of a half-forgotten dream.

'I think I must call and see you to-morrow,' I said to the lady, 'for we are in the midst of a heavy storm. I reside not far from here, and I shall see if I can't be of some use to you. Pray, may I inquire your name?'

'Mrs. Hitchcock.'

'And your husband?

'Has been dead for a long time.'

'He was ——'

'A physician; Dr. Ralph Hitchcock.'

Who graduated at Yale College, thirty years ago?

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'Yes.'

'Who resided in Cincinnati, and died there?

'The same.'

'And you are Ralph Hitchcock's widow?'

'I am.'

'And this young person?'

'His daughter. The only surviving of five children.'

The room swam round. Frank Hitchcock, my class-mate, my room-mate in college, my beloved friend, my cherished correspondent, so long as he lived, cut off in the flower of his life; while already acquiring fame, and laying the foundation for a grand success, death had snatched him away.

I stood oppressed with these thoughts, not speaking, not moving. Mrs. Hitchcock lay waiting calmly for some explanation. She had been too long schooled by trouble to become easily excited. Not so the daughter; she rose from her chair, came into the middle of the room, and burst into a hysterical sobbing, which was so violent that it alarmed me. I had made no explanation, but my questions showed I was well acquainted with the one whose decease had caused such a revolution in their fortunes.

After a short pause, I said: 'My dear lady, I knew your husband well: more than that, we were the best of friends. It is now late; you are just recovering from this sudden attack. I shall be sure to see you to-morrow. God bless you both!' And I came away.

Desperate as my own affairs had been, here were circumstances much more discouraging. Reader, if you yourself are unfortunately borne down by the weight of what seems a calamitous destiny, cast about for some more afflicted, and take on you the office of aid and adviser. Assume a part of their burdens, it will help to lighten your own. You will be surprised what strength you will gain beside It is so. For thus marvelously has God established the paradox 'There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.'

Richard B. Kimball.

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The Romance and the Reality of the Law.

Among the learned or liberal professions, the one that oftenest tempts and dazzles the youthful mind is that of the law.

This fact has its reason, and is susceptible of explanation.

The profession of the law is venerable for its antiquity, rich in the illustrious names which adorn its history, and unequaled for the aggregate of talent and eloquence which have in all ages characterized its leading members.

Far back in the dim vista of the past, the fancy of the legal enthusiast may behold the commanding form of the inspired Cicero, his toga falling gracefully about him, his eye glowing with pathetic emotion, as he stands there on the Roman forum pleading the cause of his early friend and tutor, the poet Archius.

It must be with no small degree of pride that the advocate thus traces his professional lineage back to the greatest orator of ancient times.

There is a kind of ancestral congratulation that he, too, like Cicero, is empowered to use his country's laws, when occasion requires, to defend the innocent and relieve the oppressed.

Then again there is romance connected with the practice of the law. Should every lawyer of long experience keep a journal, wherein he might detail the stories of all his clients, their strange grievances, their complicated affairs, and confidential disclosures, it would form a book only surpassed for variety and novelty by the famous 'Arabian Nights.'

The amount of heart-history with which he becomes acquainted seems strangely in contrast with the lack of sentiment for which his character is so generally noted. He becomes familiar with domestic difficulties, disappointed affections, atrocious crimes, and daring schemes; and finds out more of the inner life of humanity than can be discovered from any other stand-point in society. His council-room is a kind of secular confessional, where clients reveal reluctant secrets, and tell of private wrongs. To him, what the world is accustomed to regard as fiction, constitutes the commonplace facts of his legal practice.

But in our country the more seductive phrase of the law is this. It has ever been the natural avenue to political preferment and judicial honors. Hence it is that young men of fine abilities and am-

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bitious of distinction, so frequently choose this profession as the proper field whereon to meet 'the high endeavor and the glad success.' And perhaps it is sometimes a misfortune that such a reason decides them rather than a sense of any peculiar fitness for the calling which they so hastily espouse. But of that hereafter.

Lawyers, as a class, are, or were, much respected and revered, exerting as they do a very controlling influence over society and affairs. I know full well that novels and plays abound in a certain stereotyped character called an attorney, who is made to do all the dirty work of the plot or story. He is represented usually as a cadaverous-looking individual, with a swinish propensity to thrust his nose into every one's business, who is willing to damn his soul for a fee, and whose heart is devoid of all sympathy for suffering or distress. The worst of all these human fiends is Uriah Heep, whose freckled, hairy hand, with its cold clammy touch, so often makes the reader shudder as he turns the pages of 'David Copperfield.' Then there is Oily Gammon, who figures in 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and whose qualities are very plainly suggested by his name. And among the more recent types of this character, we have the 'Marks' of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, when asked to do a small favor, or to perform a common act of politeness without the tender of a fee, rolls out his eyes in wonderment, and to explain his refusal drawls out: '*Oh! I'm a lawyer!*' The muses too have conspired against these poor, persecuted fellows; and there is extant a little poem, called 'Law *versus* Saw,' in which a very invidious comparison is sought to be made between a lawyer and that small operator in the lumber business commonly known as a sawyer. In usefulness and dignity the poet confers the palm on the vocation of the latter. The last verse sums up the whole matter thus:

'This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Twisting India-rubber law,
Is as good
As the exercise of paw
On the handle of a saw,
Sawing wood.'

But these pictures of law-attorneys, found so frequently in light literature, furnish the unknowing with a very erroneous estimate of the average character of the legal profession. These seeming caricatures have had, and still have, originals in fact, but they are as

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much hated and despised by the more respectable members of the bar as by the world at large. Indeed, to a person of experience in life, there need be no argument to prove that lawyers as a body are quite as honorable, intelligent, liberal and public-spirited as the same number of men selected from any class which has a distinctive existence.

L. J. Bigelow.

Grannie's Trust.

Dear Grannie is with us no longer;
  Her hair, that was white as the snow
Was parted one morning forever,
  On her head lying soft and low;
Her hands left the Bible wide open,
  To tell us the road she had trod,
With waymarks like footsteps to tell us
  The path she had gone up to God.

No wonderful learning had Grannie;
  She knew not the path of the stars,
Nor aught of the comet's wide cycle,
  Nor of Nebula's dim cloudy bars;
But she knew how the wise men adoring,
  Saw a star in the East long ago;
She knew how the first Christmas anthems
  Came down to the shepherds below.

She had her own test, I remember,
  For the people whoe'er they might be.
When we spoke of the strangers about us
  But lately come over the sea;
Of "Laura," and "Lizzie," and "Jamie,"
  And stately old "Essellby Oakes,"
She listened and whispered it softly,
  "My dear, are these friends meetin'-folks?"

When our John went away to the city
  With patrons, whom all the world knew
To be sober and honest great merchants,
  For Grannie this all would not do;

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Till she pulled at John's sleeve in the twilight,
To be certain, before he had gone;
And he smiled as he heard the old question,
"Are you sure they are meetin'-folks, John?'

When Minnie came home from the city,
And left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by Grannie,
With her dear wrinkled hands on her hair;
And amid the low sobs of the maiden,
Came softly the tremulous tone,
"He wasn't like meetin'-folks, Minnie;
Dear child, you are better alone."

And now from the corner we miss her,
And hear that reminder no more;
But still, unforgotten, the echo
Comes back from that far-away shore;
Till Sophistry slinks in the corner,
Though Charity sweet has her due,
Yet we feel, if we want to meet Grannie,
'Twere best to be meetin'-folks too.

The Telegram.

Dead! did you say? he! dead in his prime!
Son of my mother! my brother! my friend!
While the horologue points to the noon of his time,
Has his sun set in darkness? is all at an end?
("*By a sudden accident.*")

Dead! it is not, it cannot, it must not be true!
Let me read the dire words for myself, if I can;
Relentless, hard, cold, they rise on my view —
They blind me! how did you say that they ran?
("*He was mortally injured.*")

Dead! around me I hear the singing of birds
And the breath of June roses comes in at the pane,
Nothing — nothing is changed by those terrible words,
They cannot be true! let me see them again;
("*And died yesterday.*")

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Dead! a letter but yesterday told of his love!
Another to-morrow the tale will repeat;
Outstripped by this thunderbolt flung from above,
Scathing my heart as it falls at my feet!
("*Funeral to-morrow.*")

Oh, terrible Telegraph! subtle and still!
Darting thy lightnings with pitiless haste!
No kind warning thunder — no storm-boding thrill —
But one fierce deadly flash, and the heart lieth waste!
("*Inform his friends.*")

Sarah E. Henshaw.

The Swan's Nest.

Little Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow; —
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone;
And the smile she softly uses,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done, —
And the sweetest pleasure chooses,
For her future within her reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth — "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

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"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind:
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay! then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand —
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say —
Nathless maiden brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble —
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he 'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong:
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

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"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon —
And the second time a glove:
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — 'Pardon · ·
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master, —
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then; and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe —
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the ozier pathway leads —
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted, —
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

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Ellie went home sad and slow:
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

Mrs. Browning.

The Main Truck, or a Leap for Life.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below,
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go;
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, — but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck, — he gasped,
"Oh God! thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son;

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"Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump or I fire!" he said;
"That only chance thy life can save!
"Jump! jump, boy!"—he obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out;
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,—
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

G. P. Morris.

From Rose Clark.

'For mercy's sake, what are you thinking about?' asked Dolly, 'with that curious look in your eyes, and the color coming and going in your face that way?'

'I was thinking,' said the child, her eyes still fixed on the silver lake, 'how beautiful God made the earth, and how sad it was there should be ——'

'*What*, now?' asked Dolly tartly.

'Any sorrow in it,' said Rose.

'The earth is well enough, I s'pose,' said Dolly. 'I never looked at it much; and as to the rest of your remark, I hope you will remember it when you get home, and not plague my life out when I want you to work. Let's see: you will have the shop to sweep out, the window-shutters to take down and put up night and morning, errands to run, sewing, washing, ironing, and scrubbing to do, dishes to wash, besides a few other little things.

'Of course, you will have your own clothes to make and to mend, the sheets and towels to hem, and be learning, meanwhile, to wait on customers in the shop; I shan't trust you with the money-drawer till I know whether you are honest.'

Rose's face became crimson, and she involuntarily moved further away from Dolly.

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'None of that, now,' said that lady; 'such airs won't go down with me. It is a pity if I can't speak to my own sister's child.'

Rose thought this was the only light in which she was likely to view the relationship; but she was too wise to reply.

'There's no knowing,' said Dolly 'what you may have learned among those children at the asylum.'

'You put me there, Aunt Dolly,' said Rose.

'Of course I put you there; but did I tell you to learn all the bad things you saw?'

You did n't tell me not; but I never would take what belonged to another.'

'Shut up now — you are just like your mother, ex-actly.' And Dolly stopped here, considering that she would go no further in the way of invective.

* * * * * *

'Aunt Dolly,' said Rose, timidly, about a month after the events above related, 'Aunt Dolly ——' and here Rose stopped short.

'Out with it,' said Dolly, 'if you've got any thing to say. You make me as nervous as an eel, twisting that apron-string, and Aunt Dolly-ing such an eternity: if you have got any thing to say, out with it.'

'May I go to the evening-school?' asked Rose. 'It is a free-school.'

'Well, you are not free to go, if it is; you know how to read and write, and I have taught you how to make change pretty well— that is all you need for *my* purposes.'

'But I should like to learn other things, Aunt Dolly.'

'What other things, I'd like to know? That's your mother all over. She never was content without a book at the end of her nose. She could n't have earned her living to have saved her life, if she had n't got married.'

'It was partly to earn my living I wanted to learn, Aunt Dolly: perhaps I could be a teacher.'

'Too grand to trim caps and bonnets, like your Aunt Dolly, I suppose,' added she, sneeringly; 'it is quite beneath a charity-orphan, I suppose.'

'No,' said Rose; 'but I should like to teach better.'

'Well, you won't do it — never no time. So there's all there is

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to that: now take that ribbon, and make the bows to old Mrs Griffin's cap. The idea of wanting to be a school-teacher when you have it at your fingers' ends to twist up a ribbon so easy — it is ridikilis! Did Miss Snow come here last night, after I went out, for her bonnet?'

'Yes,' answered Rose.

'Did you tell her it was all finished but the cap-frill?' asked Dolly.

'No · because I knew that it was not yet begun, and I could not tel a — a —'

'Lie! I suppose,' screamed Dolly, putting her face very close to Rose's, as if to defy her to say the obnoxious word; 'is that it?'

'Yes,' said Rose, courageously.

'Good girl! good girl!' said Dolly; 'shall have a medal, so it shall;' and cutting a large oval out of a bit of pasteboard, and passing a twine string through it, she hung it round her neck: 'Good little Rosy-Posy — just like its conscientious mamma!'

'I wish I were half as good as my mamma,' said Rose, with a trembling voice.

'I suppose you think that Aunt Dolly is a great sinner!' said that lady.

'We are all great sinners, are we not?' answered Rose.

'All but little Rosy-Posy,' sneered Dolly: '*she* is perfect — only needs a pair of wings to take her straight up to heaven.'

Fanny Fern.

From the American Note-books.

An article to be made of telling the stories of the tiles of an old-fashioned chimney-piece to a child.

A person conscious that he was soon to die, the humor in which he would pay his last visit to familiar persons and things.

A description of the various classes of hotels and taverns, and the prominent personages in each. There should be some story connected with it, — as of a person commencing with boarding at a great hotel, and gradually, as his means grow less, descending in life, till he got below ground into a cellar

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A person to be in the possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better and ruins it entirely.

A person to spend all his life and splendid talents in trying to achieve something naturally impossible, — as to make a conquest over Nature.

Meditations about the main gas-pipe of a great city, — if the supply were to be stopped, what would happen? How many different scenes it sheds light on? It might be made emblematical of something.

A fairy tale about chasing Echo to her hiding-place. Echo is the voice of a reflection in a mirror.

A house to be built over a natural spring of inflammable gas, and to be constantly illuminated therewith. What moral could be drawn from this? It is a carburetted hydrogen gas, and is cooled from a soft shale or slate, which is sometimes bituminous, and contains more or less carbonate of lime. It appears in the vicinity of Lockport and Niagara Falls, and elsewhere in New York. I believe it indicates coal. At Fredonia, the whole village is lighted by it. Elsewhere, a farm-house was lighted by it, and no other fuel used in the coldest weather.

Gnomes, or other mischievous little fiends, to be represented as burrowing in the hollow teeth of some person who has subjected himself to their power. It should be a child's story. This should be one of many modes of petty torment. They should be contrasted with beneficient fairies, who minister to the pleasures of the good.

A man will undergo great toil and hardship for ends that must be many years distant, — as wealth or fame, — but none for an end that may be close at hand, — as the joys of heaven.

Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments, all that concerns him, unreal; so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation. And this would be the case, even though he were surrounded by true-hearted relatives and friends

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A company of men, none of whom have anything worth hoping for on earth, yet who do not look forward to anything beyond earth!

Sorrow to be personified, and its effect on a family represented by the way in which the members of the family regard this dark-clad and sad-browed inmate.

A story to show how we are all wronged and wrongers, and avenge one another.

To personify winds of various characters.

A man living a wicked life in one place, and simultaneously a virtuous and religious one in another.

An ornament to be worn about the person of a lady, — as a jewelled heart. After many years, it happens to be broken or unscrewed, and a poisonous odor comes out.

A company of persons to drink a certain medicinal preparation, which would prove a poison, or the contrary, according to their different characters.

Many persons, without a consciousness of so doing, to contribute to some one end; as to a beggar's feast, made up of broken victuals from many tables; or a patch carpet, woven of shreds from innumerable garments.

Some very famous jewel or other thing, much talked of all over the world. Some person to meet with it, and get possession of it in some unexpected manner, amid homely circumstances.

A cloud in the shape of an old woman kneeling, with arms extended toward the moon.

On being transported to strange scenes, we feel as if all were unreal. This is but the perception of the true unreality of earthly things, made evident by the want of congruity between ourselves and them. By and by we become mutually adapted, and the perception is lost.

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An old looking-glass. Somebody finds out the secret of making all the images that have been reflected in it pass back again across its surface.

Our Indian races having reared no monuments, like the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, when they have disappeared from the earth their history will appear a fable, and they misty phantoms.

A woman to sympathize with all emotions, but to have none of her own.

A letter, written a century or more ago, but which has never yet been unsealed.

A dreadful secret to be communicated to several people of various characters, — grave or gay, — and they all to become insane, according to their characters, by the influence of the secret.

Stories to be told of a certain person's appearance in public, of his having been seen in various situations, and of his making visits in private circles; but finally, on looking for this person, to come upon his old grave and mossy tombstone.

The influence of a peculiar mind, in close communion with another, to drive the latter to insanity.

To look at a beautiful girl, and picture all the lovers, in different situations, whose hearts are centered upon her.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Invocation to Light.

O holy light! thou art old as the look of God, and eternal as His word. The angels were rocked in thy lap, and their infant smiles were brightened by thee. Creation is in thy memory. By thy torch the throne of Jehovah was set, and thy hand burnished the myriad stars that glitter in His crown. Worlds new from His omnipotent hand were sprinkled with beams from thy baptismal font. At thy golden urn, pale Luna comes to fill her silver horn; Saturn bathes his sky-girt rings; Jupiter lights his waning moons, and Venus dips her queenly robes anew. Thy fountains are

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shoreless as the ocean of heavenly love, thy center is everywhere, and thy boundary no power has marked.

Thy beams gild the illimitable fields of space, and gladden the farthest verge of the universe. The glories of the seventh heaven are open to thy gaze, and thy glare is felt in the woes of lowest "Erebus." The sealed books of heaven by thee are read, and thine eye, like the Infinite, canst pierce the dark veil of the future, and glance backward through the mystic cycles of the past. Thy touch gives the lily its whiteness, the rose its tint, and thy kindling ray makes the diamond's light. Thy beams are mighty as the power that binds the spheres.

Thou canst change the sleety winds to soothing zephyrs; and thou canst melt the icy mountains of the poles to gentle rains and dewy vapors.

The granite rocks of the hills are upturned by thee, volcanoes burst, islands sink and rise, rivers roll and oceans swell at thy look of command. And oh! thou monarch of the skies, bend now thy bow of millioned arrows and pierce, if thou canst, this darkness that thrice twelve moons has bound me.

Burst now thine emerald gates, oh! Morn, and let thy dawning come.

Mine eyes roll in vain to find thee, and my soul is weary of this interminable gloom. The past comes back robed in a pall which makes all things dark, and covers the future with but a rayless night of years. My heart is the tomb of blighted hopes, and all the misery of feelings unemployed has settled on me. I am misfortune's child, and sorrow long since marked me for her own.

Mrs. S. H. DeKroyft.

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From Richelieu.

Richelieu. And so you think this new conspiracy
The craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox? —
Fox! — Well, I like the nickname! What did Plutarch
Say of the Greek Lysander?
Joseph. I forget.
Rich. That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it
Out with the fox's! A great statesman, Joseph,
That same Lysander!
Joseph. Orleans heads the traitors.
Rich. A very wooden head then! Well?
Joseph. The favorite;
Count Baradas —
Rich. A weed of hasty growth,
First gentleman of the chamber, — titles, lands,
And the King's ear! It cost me six long winters
To mount as high, as in six little moons
This painted lizard — But I hold the ladder,
And when I shake he falls! What more?
Joseph. A scheme
To make your orphan ward an instrument
To aid your foes you placed her with the Queen,
One of the royal chamber, as a watch
I' th' enemy's quarters —
Rich. And the silly child
Visits me daily, calls me "Father," — prays
Kind Heaven to bless me. Senseless puppet
No ears nor eyes! And yet she says: "She loves me!"
Go on, —
Joseph. Your ward has charmed the King.
Rich. The King is weak — whoever the King loves
Must rule the King; the lady loves another,
The other rules the lady, thus we are balked
Of our own proper sway. The King must have
No goddess but the State: — the State! That's Richelieu!
Joseph. This is not the worst; Louis, in all decorous,
And deeming you her least compliant guardian,
Would veil his suit by marriage with his minion,
Your prosperous foe, Count Baradas!

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Rich. Ha! ha!
I have another bride for Baradas!

Enter FRANCOIS.

Francois. Mademoiselle De Mortemar!
Rich. Most opportune — admit her. [*Exit* FRANCOIS.
In my closet
You'll find a rosary, Joseph; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. — Stay, Joseph;
I did omit an Ave in my matins —
A grievous fault; atone it for me, Joseph.

Enter JULIE DE MORTEMAR.

Richelieu. That's my sweet Julie! why, upon this face
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the morning
Were come to visit Tithon.
Julie (*placing herself at his feet*). Are you gracious?
May I say "Father?"
Rich. Now and ever!
Julie. Father!
A sweet word to an orphan.
Rich. No; not orphan
While Richelieu lives; thy father loved me well;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now I'm great,
In other phrase, I'm friendless) — he died young
In years, not service, and bequeathed thee to me;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amid the mightiest. Drooping? — sighs? —
Art thou not happy at the court?
Julie. Not often.
Rich. (*aside*). Can she love Baradas? Ah! at thy heart
There's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,
All in a breath! Thou art admired — art young;
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty —
Ask thee to sing to him? — and swear such sounds
Had smoothed the brow of Saul?
Julie. He's very tiresome,
Our worthy King.
Rich. Fie! Kings are never tiresome
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants

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Charm ladies most? — De Sourdiac, Longueville, or
The favorite Baradas?
Julie. A smileless man —
Fear and shun him.
Rich. Yet he courts thee!
Julie. Then
He is more tiresome than his Majesty.
Rich. Right, girl, shun Baradas. Yet of the flowers
Of France, not one, in whose more honeyed breath
Thy heart hears summer whisper?

Enter Huguet.

Huguet. The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.
Julie (*starting up*). De Mauprat!
Rich. Hem!
He has been tiresome too! — Anon. [*Exit* Huguet.
Julie. What doth he?
I mean — I — Does your Eminence — that is —
Know you Messire de Mouprat?
Rich. Well! — and you —
Has he addressed you often?
Julie. Often! No —
Nine times: nay, ten; — the last time by the lattice
Of the great staircase. (*In a melancholy tone.*) The Court
sees him rarely.
Rich. A bold and forward royster!
Julie. *He?* nay, modest,
Gentle and sad, methinks.
Rich. Wears gold and azure?
Julie. No; sable.
Rich. So you note his colors, Julie?
Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass,
I have business with this modest gentleman.
Julie. You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.
Rich. No cause — you hate my foes?
Julie. I do!
Rich. Hate Mauprat?
Julie. Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

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Rich. Adrien!
Familiar! — Go, child; no, — not *that* way; wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you, — go.
Julie. His brows are knit; I dare not call him father!
But I *must* speak. Your Eminence —
Rich. (*sternly*). Well, girl!
Julie. Nay,
Smile on me — one smile more; there, now I'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes; he is not,
I know he *is* not; he loves France too well.
Rich. Not rank De Mauprat with my foes?
So be it.
I'll blot him from that list.
Julie. That's my own father. [*Exit* JULIE.
Rich. Huguet!

Enter HUGUET.

De Mauprat struggled not nor murmur'd?
Huguet. No: proud and passive.
Rich. Bid him enter. — Hold:
Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair
Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd,
Glide round unseen; place thyself yonder; watch him;
If he show violence — (let me see thy carbine;
So, a good weapon;) if he play the lion,
Why — the dog's death.

Exit HUGUET; RICHELIEU *seats himself at the table.* *Enter* DE MAUPRAT.

Rich. Approach, sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honored me?
De Mauprat. It is, my lord,
One of my most —
Rich. (*dryly*). Delightful recollections.
De Maup. (*aside*). St Denis! doth he make a jest of axe
and headsman?
Rich. (*sternly*). I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited! — you still live?

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Messire de Mauprat,
Doom'd to sure death, how hast since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penance?

De Maup. (*embarrassed.*) The time, my Lord?

Rich. Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done,
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot: — for the morn the dice-box —
Noon claim'd the duel — and the night the wassail:
These, your most holy pure preparatives
For death and judgment! Do I wrong you, Sir?

De Maup. I was not always thus: — if changed my nature,
Blame that which changed my fate. — Alas, my Lord,
Were this your fate, perchance,
You would have err'd like me!

Rich. I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveler; — not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief, —

De Maup. (*advancing threateningly.*) Lord Cardinal!
Unsay those words! —

Rich. (*waving his hand.*) Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait! —
You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not that you would be a beggar —
Each to his taste! — but I do charge you, Sir,
That being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible, called DEBT. — To live
On means not yours — be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets; — all
Not *yours* — ungiven, unherited — unpaid for;
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread, — quitting all scores with — "Friend,

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You're troublesome!" — Why this, forgive me,
Is what — when done with a less dainty grace —
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" — You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two lairds! I tell you, Sir,
That you must pay your debts —
De Maup. With all my heart,
My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?
Rich. (*aside and laughing.*) A humorous fellow,
— The very man
To suit my purpose — ready, frank, and bold!
Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;
I am not; I am *just!* — I found France rent asunder, —
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti; —
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths —
I have re-created France; and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepid carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, — phœnix-like, to Jove! — What was my art?
Genius, some say, — some Fortune, — Witchcraft, some.
Not so; my art was JUSTICE! — Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty — you shall confute them!
My champion YOU! — You met me as your foe.
Depart my friend — you shall not die — France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains, — be rich, be honor'd,
Be great——[DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee* — RICHELIEU *raises him*]
I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dowry shall match,
Yet not exceed her beauty.
De Maup. I, my Lord —
I have no wish to marry.
Rich. Surely, Sir,
To die were worse.
De Maup. Scarcely; the poorest coward
Must die, — but knowingly to march to marriage —
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!
Rich. Traitor, thou triflest with me! — I know
Thou hast dared to love my ward — my charge.

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De Maup. As rivers
May love the sunlight — basking in the beams,
And hurrying on! —

Rich. Thou has told her of thy love?

De Maup. My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her,
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side,
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

Rich. I believe thee;
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;
Take life and fortune with another! — Silent?

De Maup. Your faith has been one triumph. You know not
How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.
Love hath no need of words; — nor less within
That holiest temple — the heaven-builded soul —
Breathes the recorded vow — Base night — false lover
Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy; I prefer the fate
I look'd for!

Rich. Huguet to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.
(*To* Mauprat.) You will there behold
The executioner: — your doom be private —
And Heaven have mercy on you!

De Maup. When I'm dead,
Tell her, I loved her.

Rich. Keep such follies, Sir,
For fitter ears; — go —

De Maup. Does he mock me?

[*Exeunt* De Mauprat *and* Huguet.]

Rich. Joseph,
Come forth.

Enter Joseph.

Methinks your cheek has lost its rubies;
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh;
The scourge is heavy.

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Joseph. Pray you, change the subject.

Rich. You good men are so modest! — Well, to business
Go instantly — deeds — notaries! — bid my stewards
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg — *my* house
No more! — a bridal present to my ward,
Who weds to-morrow.

Joseph. Weds, with whom?

Rich. De Mauprat.

Joseph. Penniless husband?

Rich. Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man and not a money-chest!
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vowed to be a father to his Julie; —
And when he died — the smile upon his lips! —
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again! — Who else,
Look you, in all the court — who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favorite; — balk the King —
Baffle their schemes? — I have tried him: — he has honor
And courage; qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls, — and fit them for the fiercest sun
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power!

Joseph. And yet your foe.

Rich. Have I not foes enow? —
Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims! — First employ
All methods to conciliate.

Joseph. Failing these?

Rich. (*fiercely.*) All means to crush; as with the opening, and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

Joseph. And when
Check the conspiracy?

Rich. Check, check! Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit — the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.
Go, Joseph.

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Enter De Mauprat *and* Julie.

De Maup. Oh, speak, my Lord! I dare not think you mock me.
And yet —

Rich. (*reading.*) Hush, hush — this line must be considered!

Julie. Are we not both your children?

Rich. What a couplet! —
How now! Oh, Sir — you live!

De Maup. Why, no, methinks,
Elysium is not life.

Julie. He smiles! you smile,
My father! From my heart for ever, now,
I'll blot the name of orphan!

Rich. Rise, my children,
For ye are mine — mine both; and in your sweet
And young delight, your love — life's first-born glory,
My own lost youth breathes musical!

De Maup. I'll seek
Temple and priest henceforward: — were it but
To learn heaven's choicest blessings.

Rich. Thou shalt seek
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass
The fairest bride in Paris. Go, my children;
Even *I* loved once! — Be lovers while ye may.
How is it with you, sir? You bear it bravely:
You know it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt* De Mauprat *and* Julie

Oh, godlike power! Wo, Rapture, Penury, Wealth —
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense — withhold —
As the will whispers! And shall things, like motes
That live in my daylight; lackeys of court wages,
Dwarf'd starvelings; manikins upon whose shoulders
The burthen of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas — cast
Lots for my robes and scepter? France, I love thee!
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!
My mistress, France; my wedded wife, sweet France!
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me!

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Enter FRANCOIS *hastily, and in part disguised.*

Rich. Quick — the despatch! — Power — Empire! Boy -- the packet!

Francois. Kill me, my lord!

Rich. They knew thee — they suspected —
They gave it not —

Francois. He gave it — *he* — the Count
De Baradas — with his own hand gave it.

Rich. Baradas! Joy! out with it!

Francois. Listen,
And then dismiss me to the headsman.

Rich. Ha!
Go on!

Francois. They led me to a chamber. There
Orleans and Baradas — and some half-score,
Whom I knew not — were met —

Rich. Not more!

Francois. But from
Th' adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,
The clattering tread of armed men; — at times
A shriller cry, that yelled out, "Death to Richelieu!"

Rich. Speak not of *me!* thy *country* is in danger!
Th' adjoining room — So, so — a *separate* treason!
The one thy ruin, France! — the meaner crime,
Left to their tools — my murder!

Francois. Baradas
Questioned me close — demurr'd — until, at last,
O'erruled by Orleans — gave the packet — told me
That life and death were in the scroll: — This gold —

Rich. Gold is no proof —

Francois — And Orleans promised thousands,
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris
Rang out the shrill answer: hastening from the house
My footstep in the stirrup, Marion stole
Across the threshold, whispering, "Lose no moment
Ere Richelieu have the packet: tell him, too —
Murder is in the winds of Night, and Orleans
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay."

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She said, and trembling fled within: when lo!
A hand of iron griped me! Thro' the dark,
Gleam'd the dim shadow of an armed man:
Ere I could draw, the prize was wrested from me,
And a hoarse voice gasp'd — "Spy, I spare thee, for
This steel is virgin to thy lord" — with that
He vanish'd. — Scared and trembling for thy safety,
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,
Implore thee to acquit my faith — but not,
Like him, to spare my life.

Rich. Who spake of *life?*
I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honor* —
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!
Begone! redeem thine honor! Back to Marion —
Or Baradas — or Orleans — track the robber —
Regain the packet — or crawl on to Age —
Age and gray hairs like mine — and know thou hast lost
That which had made thee great and saved thy country.
See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.
Away! Nay, cheer thee! thou hast not fail'd yet —
There's no such word as "fail!"

Francois. Bless you, my Lord,
For that one smile! I'll wear it in my heart
To light me back to triumph. (*Exit.*)

Rich. The poor youth!
An elder had ask'd life! I love the young!
For as great men live not in their own time
But the next race, — so in the young my soul
Makes many Richelieus. He will win it yet.
Francois? He's gone. My murder! Marion's warning!
This bravo's threat! O for the morrow's dawn!
I'll set my spies to work — I'll make all space
(As does the sun) an Universal Eye —
Huguet shall track — Joseph confess — ha! ha:
Strange, while I laugh'd I shudder'd, and ev'n now
Thro' the chill air the beating of my heart
Sounds like a death-watch by a sick man's pillow;
If Huguet *could* deceive me — hoofs without —
The gates unclose — steps, near and nearer!

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Fran. My Lord ——
Bar. Ha, traitor!
In Paris still!
Fran. The packet — the despatch —
Some knave play'd spy without, and reft it from me,
Ere I could draw my sword.
Bar. Play'd spy *without!*
Did he wear armor?
Fran. Aye, from head to heel.
Orleans. One of our band. Oh, heavens!
Bar. Could it be Mauprat?
Kept guard at the *door* — knew *naught of the despatch* —
How HE? — and yet, who other?
Fran. Ha, De Mauprat!
The night was dark his valour closed.
Bar. 'Twas he!
How could he guess? — 'sdeath! if he should betray us.
His hate to Richelieu dies with Richelieu — and
He was not great enough for treason. Hence!
Find Mauprat — beg, steal, filch, or force it back,
Or, as I live, the halter ——
Fran. By the morrow
I will regain it, (*aside,*) and redeem my honor!
[*Exit* FRANCOIS.
Orleans. Oh! we are lost —
Bar. Not so! But cause on cause
For Mauprat's seizure — silence — death! Take courage.
Orleans. Should it once reach the King, the Cardinal's arm
Could smite us from the grave.
Bar. Sir, think it not!
I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow,
And France is ours! Thou dark and fallen Angel,
Whose name on earth's AMBITION — thou that mak'st
Thy throne on treasons, stratagems, and murder —
And with thy fierce and blood-red smile canst quench
The guiding stars of solemn empire — hear us —
(For we are thine) — and light us to the goal!

Fran. All search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat! Not
At home since yesternoon — a soldier told me

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He saw him pass this way with hasty strides;
Should he meet Baradas they'd rend it from him —
And then benignant Fortune smiles upon me —
I am thy son. If thou desert'st me now,
Come Death and snatch me from disgrace. But no!
There's a great Spirit ever in the air
That from prolific and far-spreading wings
Scatters the seeds of honor — yea, the walls
And moats of castled forts, the barren seas,
The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds
Talk with melodious science — all are sown
With everlasting honors if our souls
Will toil for fame as boors for bread ——

Enter De Mauprat.

Maup. Oh, let me —
Let me but meet him foot to foot — I'll dig
The Judas from his heart; — albiet the King
Should o'er him cast the purple!
Fran. Mauprat! hold: —
Where is the ——
Maup. Well! What would'st thou?
Fran. The despatch!
The packet. Look on me — I serve the Cardinal —
You know me. Did you not keep guard last night,
By Marion's House?
Maup. I did: — no matter now!
They told me *he* was *here!*
Fran. O joy! quick — quick —
The packet thou didst wrest from me?
Maup. The packet?
What, art thou he I deemed the Cardinal's spy
(Dupe that I was) — and overhearing Marion —
Fran. The same — restore it! haste!
Maup. I have it not:
Methought it but revealed our scheme to Richelieu.

Enter Baradas.

Stand back!
Now, villian! now, I have thee!

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(*To Francois.*) — Hence, Sir! *Draw!*
Fran. Art mad? the King's at hand! leave *him* to Richelieu!
Speak — the despatch to whom — (*A few passes.*)
Fly — fly!
The King!

De Maup. Fare you well!
Save Julie, and console her.
Fran. (*aside to Mauprat.*) The Despatch!
Your fate, foes, life, hangs on a word! to whom?
De Maup. To Huguet.
Fran. Hush — keep council! silence — hope!
[*Exeunt* Mauprat *and Guard.*
Bar. (*aside to Francois.*) Has he the packet?
Fran. He will not reveal —
(*Aside.*) Work, brain! beat heart! "*There's no such word as fail.*

Fran. O! my Lord!
Rich. Thou art bleeding!
Fran. A scratch — I have not fail'd! [*gives the packet.*
Rich. Hush! [*looking at the contents.*
Third Secretary, (*to* King.) Sire, the Spaniards
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers,
The Duc de Bouillon ——
Rich. Hold! In this department —
A paper — here, Sire, — read yourself — then take
The Count's advice in't.

Enter De Beringhen *hastily, and draws aside* Baradas.

(Richelieu, *to Secretary, giving an open parchment.*)
Bar. (*bursting from* De Beringhen.) What! and reft it! from thee!
Ha! — hold!
Joseph. Fall back; son, it is your turn now!
Bar. Death! — The Despatch!
Louis. (*reading.*) To Bouillon — and sign'd Orleans! —
Baradas too — league with our foes of Spain! —
Lead our Italian armies — what! to Paris!
Capture the King — my health requires repose!

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Make me subscribe my proper abdication!
Orleans, my brother, Regent! Saints of Heaven!
These are the men I loved! [Baradas *draws, — attempts to rush out, — is arrested.* Orleans, *endeavoring to escape more quickly, meets* Joseph's *eye, and stops short.*
Richelieu *falls back.*
Joseph. See to the Cardinal!
Bar. He's dying! — and I yet shall dupe the King!
Louis. (*rushing to* Richelieu.) Richelieu! — Lord Cardinal! — 'tis I resign!
Reign thou!
Joseph. Alas! too late! — he faints!
Louis Reign, Richelieu!
Rich. (*feebly.*) With absolute power? —
Louis. Most absolute! — Oh, live!
If not for me — for France!
Rich. France!
Louis. Oh! this treason!
The army — Orleans — Bouillon — Heavens! the Spaniard!
Where will they be next week! ——
Rich. (*starting up.*) There, — at my feet!
(*To First and Second Secretary.*) Ere the clock strike! — The Envoys have their answer!
(*To Third Secretary, with a ring.*) This to De Chavigny — he knows the rest —
No need of parchment here — he must not halt
For sleep — for food — In *my* name, — mine — he will
Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head
Of his army! — Ho! there, Count de Baradas
Thou hast lost the stake! — Away with him!
Ha! — ha! —
[*Snatching* De Mauprat's *death warrant from the Officer.*
See here, De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie! —
Parchment for battledores — Embrace your husband!
At last the old man blesses you!
Julie. O joy!
You are saved, you live — I hold you in these arms.
De Maup. Never to part —

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Julie. No — never, Adrien — never!

Louis. (*peevishly.*) One moment makes a startling cure, Lord Cardinal.

Rich. Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass
Into this wither'd frame the might of France! —
My own dear France — I have thee yet — I have saved thee!
I clasp thee still! — it was thy voice that call'd me
Back from the tomb! What mistress like our country?

Louis. For Mauprat's pardon! — well! But Julie, — Richelieu
Leave me one thing to love!

Rich. A subject's luxury!
Yet, if you must love something, Sire, — *love me?*

Louis. (*smiling in spite of himself.*) Fair proxy for a young fresh Demoiselle!

Rich. Your heart speaks for my clients: — kneel, my children,
And thank your King —

Julie. Ah, tears like these, my liege,
Are dews that mount to Heaven.

Louis. Rise — rise — be happy.

[RICHELIEU *beckons to* DE BERINGHEN.

De Ber. (*falteringly.*) My Lord — you are most happily recover'd.

Rich. But you are pale, dear Beringhen: — this air
Suits not your delicate frame — I long have thought so.
Sleep not another night in Paris: — Go, —
Or else your precious life may be in danger.
Leave France, dear Beringhen! [*Exit.*
(*To* ORLEANS.) For you, repentance — absence, and confession!
(*To* FRANCOIS.) Never say *fail* again. Brave Boy!
(*To* LOUIS, *as* DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE *converse apart.*)
See, my liege — see thro' plots and counterplots —
Thro' gain and loss — thro' glory and disgrace —
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel — still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!

Louis. And must we
Thank for *that* also — our prime minister?

Rich. No — let us own it: — there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world

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Ev'n better than prime ministers.
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

A Scotch Lady of the Old School.

As soon as she recognized Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstration of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

"And wha thought o' seein' ye enoo?" said she, in a quick, gabbling voice; "what's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he' s weel cauld in his grave, puir man?"

Mr. Douglas explained that it was on account of his niece's health.

"Health!" repeated she, with a sardonic smile, "it wad make an ool laugh to hear the wark that 's made aboot yonng fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye 're a' made o'," grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand — "a wheen puir feckless windlestraes — ye maun awa to Ingland for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lasses i' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sude like to ken, 'll e'er leive to see ninety-sax, like me. Health! he, he!"

Mary, glad of a pretense to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

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"Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?" Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: "Weel its ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglases. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss, by a' accounts."

"You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends," said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic chord.

"Time enough — wull ye let me draw my breath, man — fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser' ye. An' yer wean, I 'se warran' it ane o' the warlds wonders — it' s been unca long o' comin' — he, he!

"He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!" said Mr. Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

"An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o't, to hae the bairn kirsened an' its grandfaither dein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wed or dee as they used to du — awthing 's changed."

"You must indeed, have witnessed many changes?" observed Mr. Douglas rather at a loss how to utter any thing of a conciliatory nature.

"Changes! — weel a wat I sometimes wonder if it 's the same warld, an' if it 's my ain heed that 's upon my shoothers."

"But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?" said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

"Impruvments?" turning sharply round upon her; "what ken ye about impruvements bairn? A bonny impruvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there," pointing out of her windows, "whar I used to sit an' look out at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, an' the bits o' bairnies rowin' an' tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs — what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit out madams prancin'. Impruvements, indeed."

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr. Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the preju-

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dices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

"Mainers!" repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; "what ca' ye mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor s hoos, an' bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the maister o't, he 's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfaither's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos; ay! an' sat wi his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an' keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents then — bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days — wife an' servants, reteeners an' childer, a' trummelt i' the presence o' their heed."

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. * *

Mr. Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

"Oo, what's takin ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there," laying her hand upon his arm, "an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or maybe," turning to Mary, "ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it 's no cauld; but ye 're just like the lave: ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half naked, an' then ye maun sit and birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame."

She had now shuffled along to the farther end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

"Hae, bairn — tak a cookie — tak it up — what are you feared for! it'll no bite ye. Here 's t' ye Glenfern, an' your wife, an' your wean; puir tead, it 's no had a very chancy outset, weel a wat."

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr. Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

"Canna ye sit still a wee man, an let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo 's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky? — aye workin' awa' at the peels an' the drogs — he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they 're naur fivescore."

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Mr. Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

"Gin your roebuck 's nae better than your last, atweel it 's no worth the sendin': poor dry fushinless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on 't. Your muirfowl war nay that ill, but they 're no worth the carryin'; they 're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it 's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would hae been some sense in 't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that 'll ne 'er harry yourself wi' your presents; it 's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I'se warran' ye 're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye 're at the shootin' o' them puir beasts."

Mr. Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His color rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips, and he strode indignantly toward the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back: "So I see ye 're just the auld man, Archie — aye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a' thing your ain wye. Many a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tanker o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies — he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye 're a cumstairy chield, Archie."

Mr. Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

"Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn," said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bedchamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear-rings. "Hae, bairn," said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; they belanged to your faither's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-and-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wuss ye nae waur

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fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye," with a shake of her bony finger, "they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient head wad ye hae gotten frae me. Noo had your tongue and dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlor again: "and sin ye 're gawn awa the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo — so fare-ye-weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye mauna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be," with a facetious grin to her mollified favorite as they shook hands and parted. *Mary Ferrier.*

Break! Break! Break!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me. *Tennyson.*

What is Life?

And what is life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

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And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem — and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is life? When stripped of its disguise?
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies. *John Clare.*

Remarks on Reading.

"Reading is to the mind," said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV, "what your partridges are to my chops." It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, his works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconsistency weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have

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attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding; a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principle to the accessory. The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try; whereas, had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies; the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves,—these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of Pliny, "to read much, rather than many things;" to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals. *Gibbon.*

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Scene from "Virginius."

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS *and* LICTORS.

Appius. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?

Claudius. They are, and timely, too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.

App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!

Claud Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal!
Haste! [APPIUS *ascends the tribunal.*

[*Enter* NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS *leading his daughter*, SERVIA *and* CITIZENS. *A dead silence prevails.*]

Virginius. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honor of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear —
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?

App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child — the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm — yea, nearer — closer far,
Knit to his heart — I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed — and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius·
I'll speak so — Pray you tutor me!

App. Stand forth
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest

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In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

Claud. Most noble Appius ——

Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave? — Look at me
And I will give her to thee.

Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?

Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking — turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon shew its face to me. Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.

Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!

App. You shall have it.

Vir. Doubtless!

App. Keep back the people, Lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.

Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl ——

[Virginius, *stepping forward, is withheld by* Numitorius.

Numitorius. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.

Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [*Retires.*

Num. Will she swear she is her child?

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Vir. (*starting forward.*) To be sure she will — a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him —
Or his hand steal — or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.

Virginia. Icilius!

Icilius. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.

App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?

Slave. It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginius.

Vir. Here it is! [*Brings* VIRGINIA *forward.*
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these —
The relatives and friends of Numitoria!
Speak for me, my friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.

App. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*Troops appear behind.*

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Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.
Vir. Troops in the Forum?
App. Virginius have you spoken?
Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; If not, I'll speak again.
App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.
Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. [*Aside.*
App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.
Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. [*Aside.*
App. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?
Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*
App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred —
Claudius must take Virginia home with him.
Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun, — friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius — look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these — the costly charms he cannot purchase
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,

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His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure — markets for him — picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet — serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open common street before your eyes —
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne 'er thought to meet — to help him
To the honor of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her Romans!
Befriend her! succor her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes! — He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained. — Your hands! your hands! your hands!

Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.

App. Keep the people back —
Support my Lictors soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icilius. Down with the slaves!

[*The people make a show of resistance; but upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave* ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS *and his daughter, etc., in the hands of* APPIUS *and his party.*

Deserted! — Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you —
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

App. Separate them, Lictors!

Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius — forcing them will hurt them;

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They 'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little —
You know you 're sure of her!
App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.
Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she 'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
App. Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors, look to them.
Virginia. Do you go from me?
Do you leave? Father! Father!
Vir. No, my child —
No, my Virginia — come along with me.
Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you? bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[Virginius, *perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously round the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.*

Vir. This way, my child — No, no; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I 'll not leave thee.
App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back.

[*Virginius secures the knife.*

Well, have you done?
Vir. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.

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App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am —

I am — that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, Lictors!

[VIRGINIA *shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.*]

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little — 'Tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you 're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long. My dear child! My dear Virginia! [*Kissing her*
There is only one way to save thine honor!
'Tis this.

[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife.* ICILIUS *breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!

App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them:
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[*Exit through the soldiers.*

James Sheridan Knowles

From the Dodge Club: or, Italy in MDCCCLIX.

La Cica did not speak the best English in the world; yet that could not account for all the singular remarks which she made. Still less could it account for the tender interest of her manner. She had remarkably bright eyes. Why wandered those eyes so often to his, and why did they beam with such devotion — beaming for moment only to fall in sweet innocent confusion? *La Cica* had the most fascinating manners, yet they were often perplexing to the Senator's soul.

"The Countess," he thought, "is a most remarkable fine woman; but she does use her eyes uncommon, and I do wish she wouldn't be quite so demonstrative."

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At last the Senator came to this conclusion: *La Cica* was desperately in love with him.

She appeared to be a widow. Now if the poor *Cica* was hopelessly in love, it must be stopped at once. For he was a married man, and his good lady still lived, with a very large family, most of the members of which had grown up.

La Cica ought to know this. She ought indeed. But let the knowledge be given delicately, not abruptly.

On the following evening they walked on the balcony of *La Cica's* noble residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

The conversation of a fascinating woman does not look so well when reported as it is when uttered. Her power is in her tone, her glance, her manner. Who can catch the evanescent beauty of her expression or the deep tenderness of her well-modulated voice? Who indeed?

"Does ze scene please you, my Senator?"

"Very much indeed."

"Youar countrymen haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway."

"It is a beautiful place."

"Did you aiver see any thin moaire loafely?" And the Countess looked full in his face.

"Never," said the Senator, earnestly. The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment.

The Countess sighed.

"Helas! my Senator, that it is not pairmitted to moartals to sociate as zey would laike."

"'Your Senator,' thought the gentlemen thus addressed; "how fond, how tender—poor thing! poor thing!"

"I wish that Italy was nearer to the States," said he.

"How I adamiar youar style of mind, so differente from ze Italiana. You are so stong—so nobile. Yet would I laike to see moar of ze poetic in you."

"I always loved poetry, marm," said the Senator, desperately.

"Ah—good—nais—eccelente. I am plees at zat," cried the Countess, with much animation. "You would loafe it more eef you knew Italiano. Your langua ees not sufficiente musicale for poatry."

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"It is not so soft a language as the *I*-talian."

"Ah—no—not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?"

"The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days."

"Ah, now—you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator."

"I have heard you speak often," said the Senator, naively.

"Ah, you compliment! I sot you was aboove flattera."

And the Countess playfully tapped his arm with her little fan.

"What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?"

"Poet? English poet?" said the Senator, with some surprise. "Oh—why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot!"

"Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is natural ze zat you loafe him best."

"Steam-engine? Oh no! This one was a minister."

"A meeneestaire? Ah! an abbe? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos of all youar poets."

"He made up hymns, marm, and psalms—for instance: 'Watts Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.'"

"Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I mus at once procuaire ze works of Watt, which was favorit poet of my Senator."

"A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts," said the Senator, firmly. "He is the best known by far of all our poets."

"What? better zan Shakespeare, Milton, Bairon? You much surprass me."

"Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America."

"Merciful Heaven! what you tell me! ees eet possibl! An yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell me some words of his which I may remembaire."

"I have a shocking bad memory."

"Bad memora! Oh, but you remember somethin, zis most beautiful charm nait—you haf a nobile soul—you must be affecta by beauty—by ze ideal. Make for me one quotatione."

And she rested her little hand on the Senator's arm, and looked up imploringly in his face.

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The Senator looked foolish. He felt even more so. Here was a beautiful woman, by act and look showing a tender interest in him. Perplexing — but very flattering after all. So he replied:

"You will not let me refuse you any thing."

"Aha! you are vera willin to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitare youar regards. You are fill with the grands ideas. But ccme — will you spik for me som from your favorit Watt?"

"Well, if you wish it so much," said the Senator, kindly, and he hesitated.

"Ah — I do wish it so much!"

"Ehem!"

"Begin," said the Countess. "Behold me. I listen. I hear everysin, and will remember it forava."

The only thing that the Senator could think of was the verse which had been running in his head for the last few days, its measured rhymth keeping time with every occupation:

"'My willing soul would stay —'"

"Stop one moment," said the Countess. "I weesh to learn it from you;" and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

"'Ma willina sol wooda sta —'"

"'In such a frame as this,'" prompted the Senator.

"'Een socha framas zees.' Wait — 'Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees.' Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?"

"'And sit and sing herself away,'" said the Senator, in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

"'Ansit ansin hassaf awai,'" repeated the Countess, her face lighting up with a sweetly conscious expression.

The Senator paused.

"I — ehem! I forget."

"Forget? Impossible!'

"I do really."

"Ah now! Forget? I see by your face — you desave. Say on."

The Countess again gently touched his arm with both her little hands, and held it as though she would clasp it.

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"Have you fear? An, cruel!"

The Senator turned pale, but finding refusal impossible, boldly finished:

"'To everlasting bliss' — there!"

"'To affarlastin blees thar.' Stop. I repeat it all: 'My willina sol wooda sta in socha frame as zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar.' Am I right?"

"Yes," said the Senator meekly.

"I knew you were a poetic sola," said the Countess, confidingly. 'You air honesto — true — you cannot desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poetry! — at soch a toime! I nefare knew befoare zat you so impassione! — an you air so artaful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty — to poatry — to ze poet Watt — so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madre! how I wish you spik Italiano."

The Countess drew nearer to him, but her approach only deepened his perplexity.

"How that poor thing does love me!" sighed the Senator. "Law bless it! she can't help it — can't help it nohow. She is a goner; and what can I do? I 'll have to leave Florence."

The Countess was standing close beside him in a tender mood waiting for him to break the silence. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love; and she — "a widow! a widow! wretched man that I am!"

There was a pause. The longer it lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What upon earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows? What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Assuming an elegant attitude she looked up, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude.

"What ails my Senator?"

"Why the fact is, marm — I feel sad — at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles."

Oh, base fabrication! Oh, false Senator! There wasn't a word of truth in that last remark. You spoke so because you wished *La Cica* to know that you had a wife and family. Yet it was very badly done.

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La Cica changed neither her attitude nor her expression. Evidently the existence of his wife, and the melancholy situation of his unfortunate children, awaked no sympathy.

"But my Senator — did you not say you wooda seeng yousellef away to affarlasteen belees?"

"Oh, marm, it was a quotation — only a quotation."

But at this critical juncture the conversation was broken up by the arrival of a number of ladies and gentlemen.

But could the Senator have known!

Could he have known how and where those words would confront him again!

"Do you know *La Cica?*" asked the General, with the air of a man who was putting a home-thrust, and speaking with uncommon fierceness.

"I do," said the Senator, mildly.

"You know her well? You are one of her intimate friends?"

"Am I?"

"Are you not?"

"I am friendly with her. She is an estimable woman, with much feeling and penetration" — and a fond regret exhibited itself in the face of the speaker.

"Well, Sir, you may as well confess. We know you, Sir. We know you. You are one of the chosen associates of that infamous Garibaldian plotter and assassin, whose hotel is in the hot-bed of conspiracy and revolution. We know you. Do you dare to come here and deny it?"

"I did not come here; I was brought. I do not deny that you know me, though I haven't the pleasure of knowing you. But I do deny that I am the associate of conspirators."

"Are you not the American whom *La Cica* so particularly distiu guished with her favor?"

"I have reason to believe that she was partial to me — somewhat."

"He confesses!" said the General. "You came from her to this place, communicating on the way with her emissaries."

"I communicated on the way with none but brigands among the mountains. If they were her emissaries I wish her joy of them. My means of communication," said the Senator, while a grim smile

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passed over his face, "was an iron crow-bar, and my remarks left some deep impression on them, I do believe."

"Tell me now — and tell me truly," said the General after a pause, in which he seemed trying to make out whether the Senator was joking or not. "To whom are you sent in this city?"

"To no one."

"Sir! I warn you that I will not be trifled with."

"I tell you," said the Senator, with no apparent excitement, "I tell you that I have come here to no one. What more can I say?"

"You must confess."

"I have nothing to confess."

"Sir! you have much to confess," cried the General, angrily, "and I will wring it out of you. Beware how you trifle with my patience. If you wish to regain your liberty confess at once, and you may escape your just punishment. But if you refuse, I'll shut you up in a dungeon for ten years!"

"You will do no such thing."

"What!" roared the General. "Won't I?"

"You will not. On the contrary, you will have to make apologies for these insults."

"I! — Apologies! Insults."

The General gnawed his mustache, and his eyes blazed in fury.

"You have arrested us on a false charge, based on some slanderous or stupid information of some of your infernal spies," said the Senator. "What right have you to pry into the private affairs of an American traveler? We have nothing to do with you."

"You are associated with conspirators. You are charged with treasonable correspondence with rebels. You countenanced revolution in Florence. You openly took part with Republicans. You are a notorious friend of *La Cica*. And you came here with the intention of fomenting treason in Venice!"

"Whoever told you that," replied the Senator, "told miserable lies — most horrid lies. I am no emissary of any party. I am a private traveler."

"Sir, we have correspondents in Florence on whom we can rely better than on you. They watched you."

"Then the best thing you can do is to dismiss those correspondents and get rogues who have half an idea."

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"Sir, I tell you that they watched you well. You had better confess all. Your antecedents in Florence are known. You are in a position of imminent danger. I tell you — *beware!*"

The General said this in an awful voice, which was meant to strike terror into the soul of his captive. The Senator looked back into his eyes with an expression of calm scorn. His form seemed to grow larger, and his eyes dilated as he spoke:

"Then you, General, I tell you — *beware!* Do you know who you've got hold of? — No conspirator; no contemptible Italian bandit, or Dutchman either; but an American citizen. Your Government has already tried the temper of Americans on one or two remarkable occasions. Don't try it on a third time, and don't try it on with me. Since you want to know who I am, I'll tell you. I, Sir, am an American Senator. I take an active and prominent part in the government of that great and glorious country. I represent a constituency of several hundred thousand. You tell me to *beware.* I tell you — BEWARE! for, if you don't let me go, you'll have to give me up at the cannon's mouth. If you don't let me off by evening I won't go at all till I am delivered up with humble and ample apologies, both to us and to our country, whom you have insulted in our persons."

"Sir, you are bold!"

"Bold! Send for the American Consul of this city and see if he don't corroborate this. But you had better make haste, for if you subject me to further disgrace it will be the worse for your Government, and particularly for *you*, my friend. You'll have the town battered down about your ears. Don't get another nation down on you, and above all, don't let that nation be the American. What I tell you is the solemn truth, and if you don't mind it you will know it some day to your sorrow."

Whatever the cause may have been the company present, including even the General, were impressed by the Senator's words. The announcement of his dignity; the venerable title of Senator; th mention of his "constituency," a word the more formidable from not being at all understood — all combined to fill them with respect and even awe.

So at his proposal to send for the American Consul the General gave orders to a messenger who went off at once in search of that functionary.

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The American Consul soon made his appearance. Upon entering the hall he cast a rapid look around, and seemed surprised at so august a tribunal, for in the General's martial form he saw no less a person than the Austrian Commandant.

The Consul bowed and then looked at the prisoners. As his eye fell upon the Senator it lighted up, and his face assumed an expression of the most friendly interest. Evidently a recognition. The Austrian Commandant addressed the Consul directly in German.

"Do you know the prisoners?"

"I know one of them."

"He is here under a very heavy accusation. I have well substantiated charges by which he is implicated in treason and conspiracy. He has been connected with Revolutionists of the worst stamp in Florence, and there is strong proof that he has come here to communicate with Revolutionists in this city."

"Who accuses him of this? Are they here?"

"No, but they have written from Florence warning me of his journey here."

"Does the prisoner confess?"

"Of course not. He denies. He requested me to send for you. I don't want to be unjust, so if you have anything to say, say on."

"These charges are impossible."

"Impossible?"

"He is altogether a different man from what you suppose. He is an eminent member of the American Senate. Any charges made against one like him will have to be well substantiated; and any injury done to him will be dangerous in the highest degree. Unless you have undeniable proofs of his guilt it will be best to free him at once — or else — "

"Or else what?"

"Or else there will be very grave complications."

The Commandant looked doubtful. The others impassive. Buttons and Dick interested. The Senator calm. Again the Commandant turned to the Senator, his remarks being interpreted as before.

"How does it happen that you were so particularly intimate with all the Revolutionists in Florence, and an habitue of *La Cica's* salon? that your mission was well known throughout the city? that you

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publicly acknowledged the Florentine rebellion in a speech? that the people carried you home in triumph? and that immediately before leaving you received private instructions from *La Cica?*"

"To your questions," said the Senator, with unabated dignity, "I will reply in brief: *First*, I am a free and independent citizen of the great and glorious American Republic. If I associated with Revolutionists in Florence, I did so because I am accustomed to choose my own society, and not to recognize any law or any master that can forbid my doing so. I deny, however, that I was in any way connected with plots, rebellions or conspiracies. *Secondly*, I was friendly with the Countess because I considered her a most remarkably fine woman, and because she showed a disposition to be friendly with me — a stranger in a strange land. *Thirdly*, I have no mission of any kind whatever. I am a traveler for self-improvement. I have no business, political or commercial. So that my mission could not have been known. If people talked about me they talked nonsense. *Fourthly*, I confess I made a speech, but what of that? It's not the first time, by a long chalk. I don't know what you mean by 'acknowledging.' As a private citizen I congratulated them on their success, and would do so again. If a crowd calls on me for a speech, I'm there. The people of Florence dragged me home in a carriage. Well, I don't know why they did so. I can't help it if people will take possession of me and pull me about. *Fifthly*, and lastly, I had an interview with the Countess, had I? Well, is it wrong for a man to bid good-bye to a friend? I ask you, what upon earth do you mean by such a charge as that? Do you take me for a puling infant?"

"On that occasion," said the Commandant, she taught you some mysterious words which were to be repeated among the Revolutionists here."

"Never did any thing of the kind. That's a complete full-blown fiction."

"I have the very words."

"That's impossible. You've got hold of the wrong man I see.'

"I will have them read," said the General solemnly.

And he beckoned to the Interpreter. Whereupon the Interpreter gravely took out a formidable roll of papers from his breast, and opened it. Every gesture was made as if his hand was heavy with the weight of crushing proof. At last a paper was produced. The

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Interpreter took one look at the prisoner, then glanced triumphantly at the Consul, and said:

"It is a mysterious language with no apparent meaning, nor have I been able to find the key to it in any way. It is very skillfully made, for all the usual tests of cipher writing fail in this. The person who procured it did not get near enough till the latter part of the interview, so that he gained no explanation whatever from the conversation."

"Read," said the Commandant. The Senator waited, wonderingly. The interpreter read:

"*Ma ouillina sola ouda ste ensoce fremas dis ansit ansin assalf a ous tu affa lastinna belis.*"

Scarcely had the first words been uttered in the Italian voice of the reader than the Senator started as though a shot had struck him. His face flushed. Finally a broad grin spread itself over his countenance, and down his neck, and over his chest, and over his form, and into his boots, till at last his whole colossal frame shook with an earthquake of laughter.

The Commandant stared and looked uneasy. All looked at the Senator — all with amazement — the General, the Interpreter, the Officials, the Guards, Buttons, Dick and the American Consul.

"Oh dear! Oh *de-ar!* Oh DEE-AR!" cried the Senator, in the intervals of his outrageous peals of laughter. "OH!" and a new peal followed.

What did all this mean? Was he crazy? Had misfortunes turned his brain?

But at last the Senator, who was always remarkable for his self-control, recovered himself. He asked the Commandant if he might be permitted to explain.

"Certainly," said the Commandant, dolefully. He was afraid that the thing would take a ridiculous turn, and nothing is so terrible as that to an Austrian official.

"Will you allow me to look at the paper?" asked the Senator. "I will not injure it at all."

The Interpreter politely carried it to him as the Commandant nodded. The Senator beckoned to the Consul. They then walked up to the Commandant. All four looked at the paper.

"You see, gentlemen," said the Senator, drawing a lead pencil from his pocket, "the Florence correspondent has been too sharp

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I can explain all this at once. I was with the Countess, and we got talking of poetry. Now, I don't know any more about poetry than a horse."

"Well?"

"Well, she insisted on my making a quotation. I had to give in. The only one I could think of was a line or two from Watts."

"*Watts?* Ah! I don't know him," said the interpreter.

"He was a minister — a parson."

"Ah!"

"So I said it to her, and she repeated it. These friends of yours, General, have taken it down, but their spellin' is a little unusual," said the Senator, with a tremendous grin that threatened a new outburst.

"Look. Here is the true key which this gentleman tried so hard to find."

And taking his pencil the Senator wrote under the strange words the true meaning:

"*My willing soul would stay*
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

The interpreter saw it all. He looked profoundly foolish. The whole thing was clear. The Senator's innocence was plain. He turned to explain to the Commandant. The Consul's face exhibited a variety of expressions, over which a broad grimace finally predominated, like sunshine over an April sky. In a few words the whole was made plain to the Commandant. He looked annoyed, glared angrily at the Interpreter, tossed the papers on the floor and rose to his feet.

"Give these gentlemen our apologies," said he to the Interpreter. "In times of trouble, when States have to be held subject to martial law, proceedings are abrupt. Their own good sense, wi'l. I trust, enable them to appreciate the difficulty of our position."

James De Mille—Harper & Brothers

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Pictures of Swiss Scenery and of the City of Venice.

It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation develops the poetic power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts, leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices, as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles with elephantine masses; the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles, and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly — and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacles, the rich pastures and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees and the wild flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primeval grace — wherever I moved, I was in turn appalled or enchanted; but whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy.

If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence, which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel thus keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all

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this in a city too, which, although her luster be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love, these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities.

Disraeli.

Joan of Arc.

What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter

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of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country — thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do* — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer* — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. 'Life,' thou saidst, 'is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.' This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her*.

Thomas De Quincey.

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Death and Sleep.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark-blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The forehead's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

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Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep;
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid. *Shelley.*

Death of Amelia Wentworth.

AMELIA — MARIAN.

Marian. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amelia. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,

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I know not; yet before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of heaven. There — enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?

Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.

Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look! above: the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal-dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves — radiant gems — and beauty with no peer
And friends (a ready host) — but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing: "They said his eye" —
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
"His eye like the mid-day sun was bright" —

Mar. 'Tis so.
You 've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.

Amel. I hearken. Now.

Song.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon.
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter — softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn: — he fled and died.

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Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct — like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening air: thus it runs —

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing —
Yet he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

[CHARLES *enters.*]

Charles. I am here.
Did you not call?

Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother — now
I take that title — in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me, and I would be calm.
My husband has been harsh unto me — yet
He *is* my husband; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not? — Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed

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When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago - - more, more: and I —
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him —
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking — yet I lived:
But I am weary now.

Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay——

Ch. Indeed you must not.

Amel. Well, then, I will be silent; yet not so.
For ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you — ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love — no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one-third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if — but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

Ch. I will do
All that you wish — all; but you cannot die
And leave me?

Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: these eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour——

Ch. Oh! no.

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No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?
Amel. No: I would caution it against a change,
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead- —
Ch. Alas, alas!
Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger — Ah! ——
[WENTWORTH *enters.*]
Mar. She's pale — speak, speak.
Ch. Oh! my lost mother. How! You here?
Went. I am come
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh — unjust.
Ch. Look!
Mar. She has left us.
Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar. It is in vain.
Ch. Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint.
Oh! mother, mother. I — I cannot weep.
Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her. And has death
Indeed, indeed struck *her* — so beautiful?
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one — who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright heaven, if thou art calling now
Thy bright angels to thy bosom — rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone —
Departed — and the earth is dark below.
And now — I'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say "I have no friend in all the world,"
My heart will swell with pride and make a show

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Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is in that same solitude a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look,
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspect of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past. And now — for Hindostan.

Bryan W. Procter.

The Minstrel's Song in Ella.

Oh! sing unto my roundelay;
Oh! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below:
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.

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My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died. *Chatterton.*

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Death of Long Tom Coffin.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried: 'I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer.' But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The cockswain [Tom] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander whom Tom had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety, though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cockswain; 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhib-

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ited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence: 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

''Tis the wind driving by the vessel!'

''Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected cockswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave, will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!'

'Why then did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly.

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you: I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon, 'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch!' muttered his companion, 'you must go like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.'

'I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy, 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace!' said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning, produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under-tow,' Dillon had un-

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knowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands·

'Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterward, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept toward the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

James F. Cooper.

The Character of Falstaff.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humor and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease

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and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination, and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He enriches and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the hambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapors that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at able. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one half-penny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humor the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the

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character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices.

Hazlitt.

The Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door;
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door —
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is, and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door —
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before:
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

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And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I—"surely that is something at my window lattice
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed
he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly
shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered-

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Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said: "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Never — nevermore."

But, the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —

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On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both ador
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out the shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted — never more!

Poe.

Death of Gawtrey the Coiner.

At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. 'Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Gawtrey. 'One way yet — the window — the rope.'

Morton opened the casement — Gawtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite

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parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold — the perilous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton; 'I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark! hark! — are you mad? *You* keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay! — stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall — Fanny — my father, he will take care of her — you remember — thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly — holding his breath — with set teeth — with closed eyes — he moved on — he gained the parapet — he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtrey was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtrey seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more and he gained the window — he seized the rope — he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'*Le voila! le voila!*' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtrey; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers — they had burst into the room — an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol — Gawtrey arrested himself — from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him; his hair bristling — his cheek white — his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which

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yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed — so intense — so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound — half laugh, half yell — of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtrey's lips. He swung himself on — near — near — nearer — a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement — the smoke rolled over both the fugitives — a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass — the strong man of passion and levity — the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks — was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God's breath — what glory, genius, power, and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

Bulwer

Jeanie Morrison.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

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'Twas then we loved ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time! — sad time! — twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays —
The schule then skailed at noon —
When we ran aff to speel the braes —
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
Oh, lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon?

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The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet.

The throssil whistled in the wood,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe aboon the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows great
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

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O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

Motherwell.

Fading — Dying.

The autumn winds are swelling high,
And autumn leaves are lying low;
And playing through the murky sky,
I see the flocks of wild-birds go.
'Twas on a sunny, bright May day,
Ah! long ago it seemeth now —
I turned me from the world away
With weary feet and throbbing brow.

And ever since that fatal hour
Has my life's lamp been waning dim,
And fading with the autumn flower,—
I soon shall sing my evening hymn;
I soon shall sing my evening hymn,
And lay me down alone to rest,
Then Death, the spirit cold and grim,
Will come in clouds of darkness drest.

Through all the night so long and still,
In my shadowy chamber alone I lie —
While the moon shines pale on the window sill,
And the mystic hours go slowly by —
I think o'er all the glad, bright way
My life hath passed its few short years;
They are gone, like one long summer day,
And night has come with gloom and tears

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But surely, soon will break the morn —
The fair light of the Better Land,
When, unto angel glories borne,
Before the great white throne I'll stand.
Oh! I have dreamed, in days gone by,
Ambition's dream of pride and fame,
Of days and years to come, when I
Should gain a minstrel's glorious name.

Now coldly blows the autumn wind,
And darker grows the autumn sky —
And, withered on the damp, cold ground,
Summer's bright leaves and flowers lie:
E'en thus within my heart are strewn
The wrecks of each bright hope and dream,
Like withered leaves and flowers, grown,
Precious no more to me, they seem.

All faded are those visions bright,
And crushed those dreams of earthly fame,
And I would only seek to write
Within the book of life, my name.
Now life is no more bright to me,
For fairer forms my soul shall greet—
When I go up the shining way,
The pearly gate, and golden street.

Oh! I am longing to go home,
For earth is growing cold and dim;
And soon will my Redeemer come —
I soon shall sing my evening hymn.
And so she sang her hymn at even,
And laid her down in peace to rest:
She woke next morn, away in Heaven,
To dwell for aye among the blest.

Ellen Schenck.

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SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

Aldrich, T. B., a popular American writer, a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly.

Arey, Mrs. H. E. G., a lady of fine literary talent, who was educated at Oberlin, Ohio. She published, a few years ago, a volume of poems entitled Household Songs; she edited for a long time The Home Monthly and a juvenile magazine called the Youth's Companion, and has written much for the New York Independent, and many other newspapers and periodicals. She has also been much interested in educational work, lecturing upon methods of teaching and literary subjects at Teachers' Institutes in several States. At present she is associated with her husband, Prof. Oliver Arey, in conducting the Normal School at Whitewater, Wis.

Browning, Robert, an English poet, author of Bells and Pomegrantes, The Soul's Tragedy, etc.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, was born in London in 1809, was a very remarkable child, writing verses at ten years of age, and publishing "An Essay on Mind" at seventeen.

She had a very thorough education, studying the classics, philosophy, etc.; but her favorite study was the Greek language and its literature.

Mrs. Browning's life was early saddened by the loss of an idolized brother, and then followed years of illness. But when others would have sunken under the load of infirmity and pain, this sublime woman wrote impassioned poetry and translated Greek. In 1846 she was married to Robert Browning, and the last years of her life were spent in Italy. Under its sunny skies, and in the brightness of her home, she was somewhat restored to health. She died at Florence on the 29th of June, 1861. In the English burial ground in that city the traveler will find a white marble tablet bearing this inscription: "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, in her woman's heart, united the wisdom of the sage and the eloquence of the poet; with her golden verse she linked Italy to England. Grateful Florence places this memorial, A. D. 1862."

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BREMER, FREDERIKA, a Swedish story writer, born in 1800. Her works have been very ably translated by Mary Howitt, of England. She wrote Family Cares and Family Joys, The President's Daughter, Nina, etc. A few years since, and but a short time previous to her death, she visited America. She received great attention from the literary people of this country, and her book, Homes in the New World, published after her return to Sweden, is an interesting history of her travels. She visited her people who had settled in the West, commending them for their industry and thrift. She died in 1864.

BROWN, GRACE, a native of Comac, Long Island, and a young writer of promise.

BULWER, Sir EDWARD, was born in 1805. He was the youngest son of Gen. Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, England. After the death of his father he succeeded to his mother's estate, and took her ancient family name — Lytton. This gentleman's full name is, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. His first volume was published at the age of fifteen, and he has written almost constantly ever since. He is interested in politics as well as literature, and has been several years in the House of Commons. In 1853 the University of Oxford conferred the degree of D. C. L. upon Sir Bulwer Lytton, in 1856 he was elected rector of the University of Glasgow, and in 1858 was made Secretary for Colonial Affairs.

COLLINS, WILLIAM, the son of a hatter, was born on Christmas day, 1721, at Chichester, England. He began his education at Winchester college, but finally took his degree at Magdalen college, Oxford. After leaving school he took clerical orders, but soon abandoned the gown and prayer-book to apply himself more closely to literature.

He was not successful, at first, in attracting much attention as a writer, and it is said that he sank under the disappointment, and became indolent and dissipated. For a few years before his death, which occurred in 1759, he frequented the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral, night and day, accompanying the music with sobs and moans. The poor poet died of melancholy, and a generation after his poems became popular.

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Some one has said that the "Ode on the Passions is a magnificent gallery of allegorical painting," and certainly no poet has ever been his superior in the use of metaphor and personation.

Cary, Alice, was born in 1820, at Hamilton, Ohio. She began to write for the press at the age of eighteen, and her sister Phebe at seventeen. They published a joint volume in 1850, and in 1851 Alice wrote the Clovernook Sketches. She has written much for the Atlantic, Harper's, The New York Ledger, The Independent, Packard's, etc. The sisters removed to New York city, in 1850, where they still reside.

Campbell, Thomas, was born in the city of Glasgow, July 27, 1777. Though the family belonged to the ancient Scottish nobility, the poet's father was a trader with Virginia, and failing in this business, he kept a boarding-house for college students. Thomas was educated at Glasgow, and was distinguished, while still in the University, for his translations from the Greek and for his poetic writings. He published poetry at the age of fourteen. He wrote some of the grandest battle pieces which have been produced — Lochiel's Warning, Hohenlinden, The Battle of the Baltic, Song of the Greeks, etc. He should be especially admired by Americans, for his Gertrude of Wyoming, in which he sketches with the pencil of a true artist, pictures of Pennsylvania scenery, throwing a new halo over the beautiful valley in which the scenes are laid. He died in 1844, and his remains lie in Westminster Abbey. A history of his life was written by his friend, Dr. Beattie, and published in 1849.

Chatterton, Thomas, a boy of strange genius, was born in 1753. He deceived all the literary world, by producing what he declared were translations of ancient manuscripts, consisting of the sermons of priests, sketches in art, and the poetical writings of those who had been dead for hundreds of years. He committed suicide by taking arsenic, when a little more than seventeen years of age.

Cleveland, Mrs., has written a few poems, none of which have been particularly admired, except No Sect in Heaven. This is published by the American Tract Society, and is a universal favorite.

Clare, John, an English peasant, born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, in 1793. At thirteen he walked seven miles one morning, to

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buy Thomson's Seasons, paying for the book a shilling, which he had earned by hard labor. That very day he began to write poetry. His first volume was bought for twenty pounds, and was published in 1820. He came into possession of a fortune from the sale of his books, and the contributions made by noblemen and others; gave up his plow; married a farmer's daughter, and settled down in his library to the pleasures of study. But in an unlucky moment he left his books to speculate in farming, and lost not only all his hard earnings, but his mind also, and he is now in a private asylum for the insane.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, born at Devonshire, England, in 1772. He was a schoolmate of Charles Lamb at Christ's hospital. In a fit of desperation after the death of his father, he enlisted as a soldier in the light dragoons, London, and served four months before his release was procured. He officiated later as a Unitarian clergyman, and afterward as the secretary to the governor of Malta.

His poetic writings have great variety in style and character. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is a wonderful poem, preternatural and fascinating. There is nothing at all resembling it in literature.

CLAY, HENRY, an American statesman, born in Virginia in 1777, and died at Washington in 1852. He was prominent in politics for fifty years, distinguishing himself in every position which he occupied.

He was sent to the Legislature of Kentucky, was in the United States Senate, was the American Minister to Ghent, etc.

CLARK, JAMES G., was born in Oswego county, N. Y., in 1830. He has the rare gift of wedding his poetry to most beautiful music, and, also, of giving it expression in song. As a poet, he is noted for the beauty and perfection of his rhythm; as a composer, for the wonderful adaptation of the music to the sentiment, and as a ballad singer, he has, probably, no superior.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, but lived nearly all his life in New York. He was for a short time in early life a sailor, and was thereby enabled to paint his sea-scenes as none but a genuine tar could do. He also delineated Indian character and habits with wonderful fidelity. He wrote many novels, sketches of European character, etc., etc

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De Kroyft, Mrs. Helen, a lady of rare genius and checkered fortune. She had perfect sight, and in one brief month was a bride, a widow and was blind. She has written much for magazines, newspapers, etc., and a few years since published a volume which has had a very large sale. A juvenile story of rare interest — Little Jakey—is now in press. For more than twenty years the darkness of night has shrouded her vision, but in that time she has performed a herculean labor in literature, studying Latin as a pastime and reading Cicero's orations with the help of an amanuensis.

De Mille, James, author of the Dodge Club, or Italy in MDCCCLXIV, a humorous satire published by Harper Brothers.

De Quincey, Thomas, was born at Manchester, England, in 1786, and was educated at Eaton and Oxford.

Disraeli, Right Hon. Benjamin, born in London in the year 1805. Has mingled much in politics, and as a speaker is noted for his sarcastic eloquence.

Dickens, Charles, is the son of a paymaster in the Navy Department, England, and was born at Landport, Portsmouth, in 1812. In early life he was a Parliamentary reporter, writing, in addition, sketches for the Morning Chronicle, Monthly Magazine, etc., under the *nom de plume* of "Boz." His Pickwick Papers have been translated in many languages, and read almost the world over. He has visited America twice; the last time, in 1867, he gave a tour of "Readings" through the country. His elocution is by no means perfect, but his facial expression and gestures are inimitable. He is at the head of novelists in England.

Ferrier, Mary, an English writer, born in 1782; died in 1854.

Fern, Fanny (Sarah Payson Willis), was born in Portland, Me., in 1811. Her father removed to Boston in 1817, and became the editor of the "Recorder" and the "Youth's Companion." She was educated at Hartford, at the celebrated seminary of Catharine Beecher. Harriet Beecher was at that time a teacher in the school. Soon after leaving school, Miss Willis was married to Mr. Eldridge.

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of Boston; but in a few years she found herself a widow, and dependent upon her own exertions for support. In 1851 her literary life began. For a long time the real name of the author of the dashing little sketches which appeared in various newspapers was not known; seventy thousand copies of Fern Leaves were sold in in this country alone, and shortly afterward there were found thirty-two thousand purchasers for Little Ferns. Ruth Hall and Rose Clark soon followed, and our author was in a full tide of prosperity.

In 1856, Fanny Fern was married to James Parton, the popular biographer. For the last fifteen years she has written for the New York Ledger, never failing to furnish the stipulated article each week.

GOUGH, JOHN B., a celebrated temperance orator. No man in the country is able to draw such crowds of people to his lectures, and for years his popularity has been unabated.

GIBBON, EDWARD, was born at Putney, in Surry, Eng. He wrote the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and other historical works. He died at the house of Lord Sheffield, in London, Jan. 16, 1794.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet, who died in 1868. He was associated with his friend, J. Rodman Drake, in writing a series of sprightly and somewhat satirical poems, entitled "The Croakers," which attracted considerable attention in the literary world Marco Bozzaris, a martial lyric, is undoubtedly his best production.

HAMILTON, GAIL. The real name of this racy writer is Abigail Dodge, and her home is at Hamilton, Mass. She has written much for the Atlantic and other magazines, and has published several volumes, which have been eagerly read by thousands of people.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, was noted for the quaintness of his writings and the purity of his language. He wrote much for the Atlantic Monthly and other periodicals.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM, was first a painter, but, failing of success in art, he turned his attention to literature. He was a native of England, and died in London in 1830.

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Hemans, Felicia (Felicia Dorothea Browne), was born at Liverpool, England, on the 25th of September, 1793. She published her first volume at fifteen. This childish attempt at poetry was not successful, but our young author did not despair, and the next publication placed her upon a firm literary footing. In 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans; but the union was far from being a happy one, and in 1818 he removed to Italy, while his wife remained in England, and they never met again. Mrs. Hemans died May 16 1835, and was buried at St. Ann's church, Dublin.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, was born in Portland, Me., in 1809. He was professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard for many years. His poetry sparkles with humor and his prose is quaint and witty. He has contributed for the Atlantic Monthly and for various periodicals, and is much admired both by American and English readers.

Hugo, Victor, a French writer of great dramatic power, has written a whole library of books.

Hood, Thomas, who was born in 1798, and who died in 1845, was chiefly known as a comic writer and satirist, but he excelled also in sentimental and pathetic poetry, thus showing a versatility of talent seldom seen. Hood's works are published in four volumes: Poems, Poems of Wit and Humor, Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year, and Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse.

Irving, Washington. This much admired American writer was born in New York in 1783. He wrote voluminously. Books upon travel, history and romance poured from his pen. He took great interest in studying the manners and customs of the original Dutch inhabitants of New York. The Tappan Zee, Sleepy Hollow and the Kaatskills are made classical by his tale of Rip Van Winkle. This story has been dramatised and has been successfully played in Booth's theater, the inimitable Joe Jefferson taking the part of the poor, old, Dutch sleeper. Irving was very popular in England, and his works have been translated into many languages. His house at Sunnyside, where he lived for many years and where he died, can be seen by travelers over the Hudson River Railroad, or from the steam-

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ers which ply up and down the river. It is a low cottage, covered with ivy, which was brought, originally, from Melrose Abbey, and planted by the master's own hand. Irving is buried in the cemetery at Tarrytown, and a simple stone, a few feet in height, with the brief inscription of his name and age, marks the spot.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS, a distinguished American statesman, during the period of the Revolution, author of the Declaration of Independence, and third President of the United States.

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN, an English dramatic writer, born in 1794. His first play of Caius Gracchus was performed in 1815.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was professor of modern languages and belle lettres at Harvard University for many years. He resides at Cambridge, near Boston, and occupies a house which was originally Washington's headquarters. Mr. L. has written much poetry, and some prose, and his translation of Dante throws a classic halo around his name. He visited Europe in 1868, returning in 1869. The poet was enthusiastically received by the English people. His poetry is not startling, but is quaint and beautiful.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, was born in Cambridge, Mass., 1819. He is now professor of modern language, rhetoric, etc., at Harvard University. As a humorist, satirist, or essayist, he is deservedly popular.

LOWELL, ROBERT, a writer of good repute, a member of the celebrated family by this name.

LAMB, CHARLES, a poet and essayist, born in London, February 11, 1775. His father was in humble circumstances, and Charles was presented with a scholarship in Christ's Hospital. There was a taint of insanity in the family, and the poet himself was once confined for a few weeks in an asylum at Hoxton. His sister Mary was insane at intervals, and he devoted his life to her comfort and protection. In her lucid intervals, they wrote and published some volumes conjointly. His style is quaint and fanciful. He died in 1834, and his poor sister survived him only three years.

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Macaulay, Thos. Babington, an English Baron, was born at Leicestershire in 1800, and died at Kensington in 1859. He wrote a History of England, which is deservedly popular. His Lays of Ancient Rome have been greatly admired by lovers of classic poetry. He displayed brilliant powers, both in politics and literature.

Motherwell, William, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, born in 1797. He assisted Hogg in editing the works of Burns. He died suddenly, at the age of thirty-eight.

Procter, Bryan, known in the reading world by the name of Barry Cornwall. He published a small volume of dramatic scenes, in 1815. His style is elegant and graceful.

Procter, Adelaide Anne, the author of Legends and Lyrics, published in 1858. She was a daughter of Barry Cornwall, and a native of England.

Proctor, Edna Dean, was born in New Hampshire, but of late years has made her residence in Brooklyn. Her war poems were largely circulated in the newspapers of the time.

Pierpont, Rev. John, born at Litchfield, Connecticut, and died in 1866. He wrote much upon reform, and was noted for his radical views.

Percival, James Gates, was born in Kensington parish, in the town of Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795. As soon as the alphabet was mastered, he seemed to have an insatiable thirst for knowledge, never engaging in play with his mates, but always poring over books or studying nature. We find the boy invoking the muse with passionate pleadings, at the age of fourteen or fifteen: writing sometimes in smooth, beautiful rhythm, and then again descending to a childish doggerel. In 1811 he entered Yale College, New Haven, as a member of the Freshman's class, and in due time completed the course of study in that institution. After leaving college he studied medicine, but his practice in the profession was limited to a few days. A malignant fever took away several of his patients, and, shrinking from the responsibility of holding

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human lives in his hands, our young physician closed his saddle bags and resumed the pen. He was unsuccessful in business and unhappy in mind, sometimes even attempting self-destruction. At the little village of Hazel Green, Wisconsin, the poor poet lies buried, and no stone marks his grave.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN. This strange, reckless son of genius first saw the light in Baltimore, in 1811. He died in a hospital in his native city, at the early age of thirty-eight.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, is justly celebrated both as a painter and a poet. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1822.

RUSKIN, JOHN, art critic, was born in London, in 1809. The work, "Modern Painters, by an Oxford Graduate," was published when the author was but twenty-four years of age. Mr. Ruskin is the moving sprit of the Pre-Raphael school of artists.

SAXE, JOHN G., is an American writer of humorous poetry. He has also made some fine translations from the dead languages. He was born in 1815.

SCHENCK, ELLEN, was a young lady of rare scholarship and promise, a native of Fulton, New York. She graduated at the Falley Seminary, in that village, in 1854. She wrote many poems which gave a glimmering of what her capabilities might be; but the icy finger of consumption was laid upon her, and she died when scarcely twenty years of age.

SCOTT, Sir WALTER, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. He had the rare gift of writing poetry and prose with equal skill. He inaugurated a style of historic romance and poetry which has had many imitators. He died in 1832.

SHAKSPEARE, WILLIAM, born at Stratford on Avon, England. As a dramatic writer, he has never been equalled; and the versatility of his knowledge and his skill in delineation has been the wonder of the world for a century past.

SHELLEY PERCY BYSSHE, the son of a baronet of England, Sir Timothy Shelley, of Castle Garring; was born August 4, 1792.

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While yet a school boy, he seemed to have an equal attachment for poetry and metaphysics, and nearly every page of his writings gives evidence of the strange union. His idealisms are sometimes grandly beautiful, sometimes ghastly repulsive. He met an accidental death, by drowning, off the coast of Italy.

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, Sept. 1, 1791. At the age of eight years, the child tried her hand at story writing. For many years she was a very popular teacher in the city of Hartford, establishing her reputation as a pioneer educator. The volume entitled Pieces in Prose and Verse, was published in 1815. In 1819 she was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of the town where the school was established. The last words she wrote were,

"Heaven's peace be with you all!
Farewell! Farewell!"

She died in 1866.

Southey, Robert, poet-laureate of England, was born August 12, 1774, at Bristol. His first wife, a sister of the wife of Coleridge, died in 1834, and in a year and a half afterward, he was married to his life-long friend, Caroline Anne Bowles. During the last few years of his life the poor poet's mind was clouded, and his friends could scarcely regret his death. He died in 1843, and was buried in the church yard of Crosthwaite.

Southey, Caroline Anne Bowles, was justly celebrated, both as a poet and story writer. She contributed for Blackwood's Magazine for many years, and the sketches were afterwards published in book form. She was married to the poet, Robert Southey, June 5, 1839. He had written more than twelve hundred letters to her, upon literary and other subjects. After the death of her husband, she spent the last few years of her life in strict retirement.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, was born in Connecticut, in 1812. he, with the somewhat numerous family of Beechers, inherited a love for piety, freedom, etc., from her stanch New England ancestors. She has written much, and her works have been translated into French, German and other languages. She was in early life associated with her sister, Catharine Beecher, in conducting a school for

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young ladies, at Hartford, Connecticut. Uncle Tom's Cabin was published in 1852, and nothing she has since written has been so extensively read.

SWINBURN, ALGERNON CHARLES, author of the Greek tragedy, Atalanta in Calydon, etc.

TAYLOR, BAYARD, has written books of travel, romance and poetry. He has been engaged much as a public lecturer. He was born in 1824.

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN F., a native of Lowville, N. Y.; is a popular writer and lecturer.

TILTON, THEODORE, a well known reformer, editor of the Independent.

TROWBRIDGE, J. T. His *nom de plume*, when writing juvenile stories, is Father Brighthopes. Darius Green and his Flying Machine, inimitable in its rollicking humor, was written for Our Young Folks, March, 1866; and The Vagabonds has justly achieved a great popularity.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, the present poet-laureate of England, the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, was born in 1810. He gave promise of superior talent in youth, taking a prize for a poem while still an undergraduate. He is known and loved as much in America as in England. He writes carefully, reviewing and correcting his proofs many times.

TOBIN, JOHN, wrote many plays, which were rejected by managers; the Honeymoon being the first production of his pen which was accepted. The play has been, and still is, very popular, but the poor writer died without the pleasure of seeing it performed He was born at Salisbury, in the year 1770, and died in 1804.

WILSON, FORCEYTHE, an American poet, who died in 1866.

WEBSTER, DANIEL, celebrated as a statesman and orator.

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